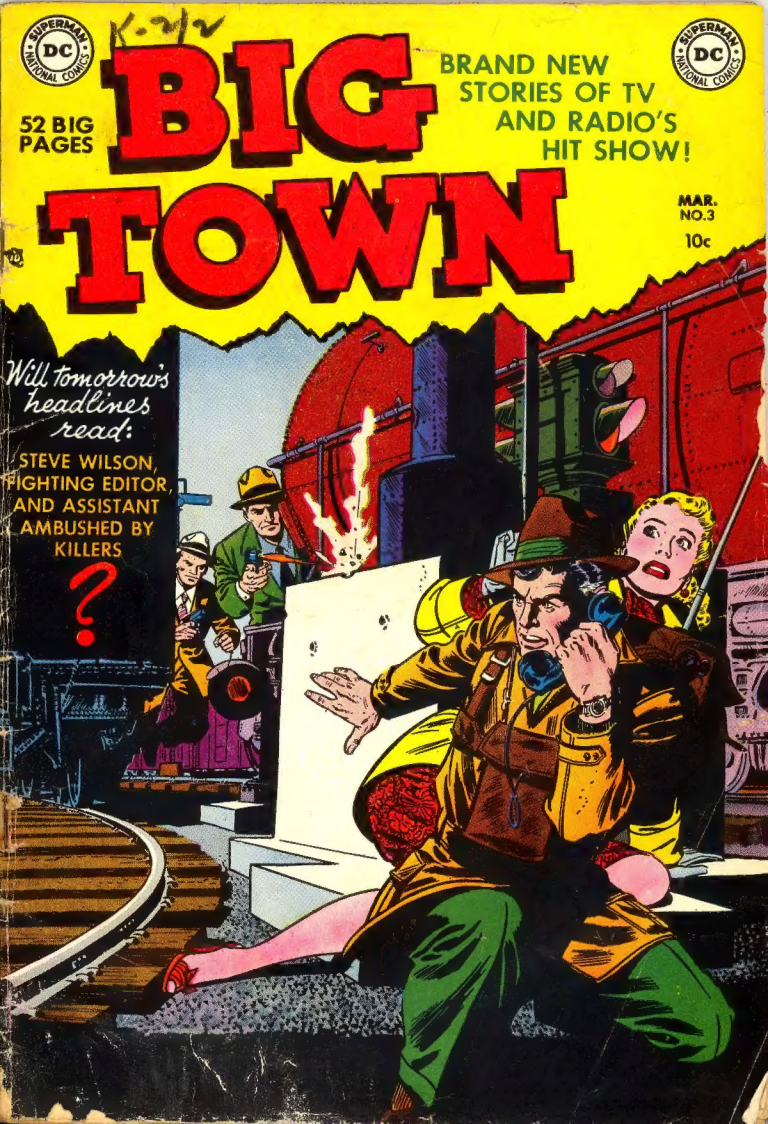
SUPERMAN-NATIONAL COMICS
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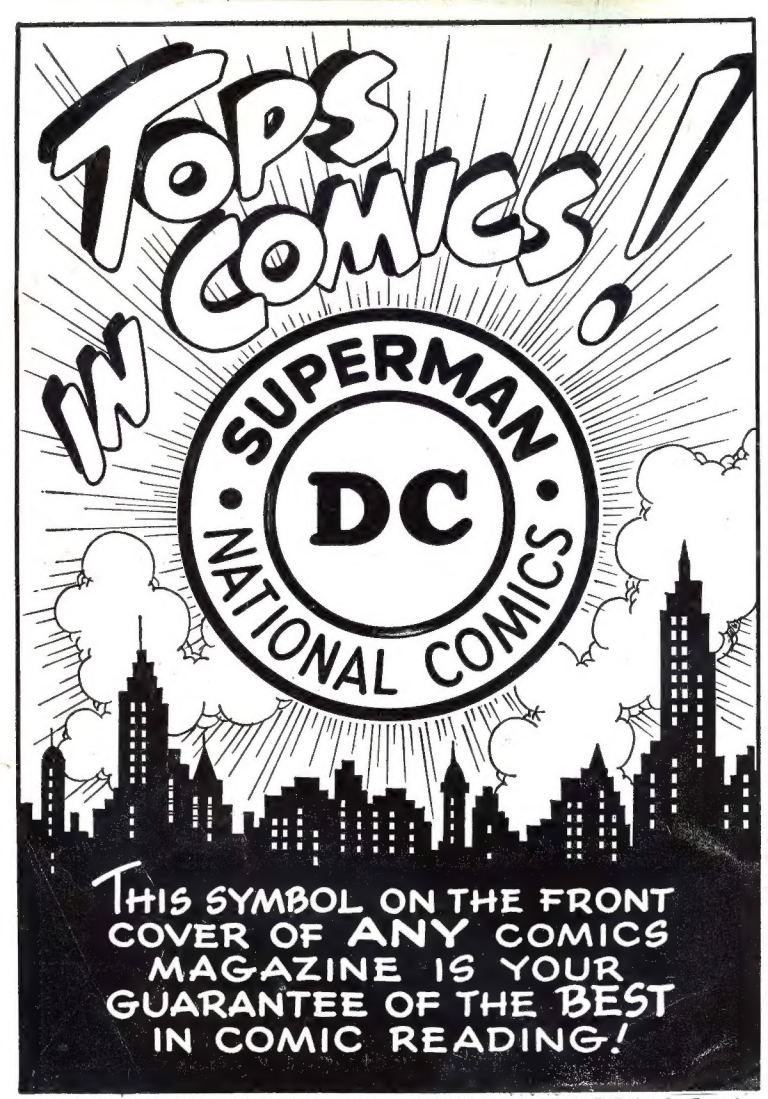
52 BIG PAGES
BIG TOWN
BRAND NEW STORIES OF TV AND RADIO'S HIT SHOW!
MAR. NO.3
10c
Will tomorrow's headlines read:
STEVE WILSON, FIGHTING EDITOR, AND ASSISTANT AMBUSHED BY KILLERS
?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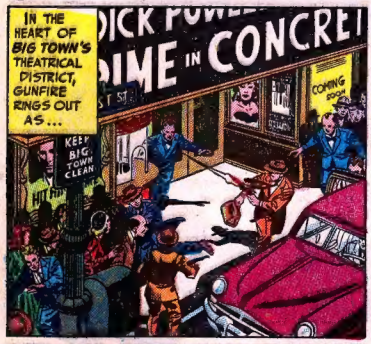
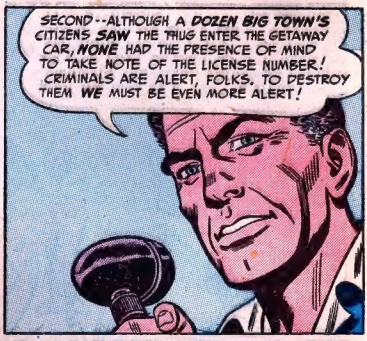
Printed in U.S.A.

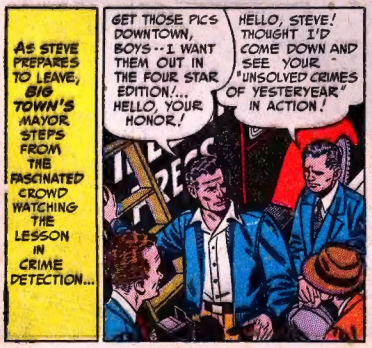
BIG TOWN
BIG TOWN IS IN THE HANDS OF A KILLER, STEVE! WE MUST GET HIM!
WATCH YOURSELF, WILSON! REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO ME WHEN I MET UP WITH THE PHANTOM!
PLEASE, STEVE! YOU MUST REST!
THE GUY'S NUTS, MR. WILSON! BE CAREFUL!
UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS AN OMINOUS FIGURE FROM THE PAST EMERGES FROM THE DEPTHS OF BIG TOWN TO RAIN MOCKERY AND MURDER UPON A SLEEPING CITY! WITH FRAYED NERVES AND RISING TEMPERS, A DESPERATE CITIZENRY TURNS ONCE AGAIN TO THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUILDING, WHERE FIGHTING EDITOR STEVE WILSON FRANTICALLY MAINTAINS A CEASELESS VIGIL IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO UNMASK THE ILLUSIVE...
"PHANTOM from the PAST!"


IN THE HEART OF BIG TOWN'S THEATRICAL DISTRICT, GUNFIRE RINGS OUT AS...
DICK POWELL
CRIME IN CONCRETE
COMING SOON
KEEP BIG TOWN CLEAN
HIT HIT

SUDDENLY...
HOLD IT-- RIGHT THERE!

STEVE WILSON, BIG TOWN'S FIGHTING EDITOR, LECTURES ON THE SCENE JUST RE-ENACTED...
THERE YOU SEE THE PUBLIC'S FIRST ERROR! A WOMAN SCREAMED UPON SEEING THE GUNMAN, LOST HER HEAD IN PANIC, AND FAILED TO TAKE NOTE OF THE THIEF'S FEATURES!


SECOND--ALTHOUGH A DOZEN BIG TOWN'S CITIZENS SAW THE THUG ENTER THE GETAWAY CAR, NONE HAD THE PRESENCE OF MIND TO TAKE NOTE OF THE LICENSE NUMBER! CRIMINALS ARE ALERT, FOLKS, TO DESTROY THEM WE MUST BE EVEN MORE ALERT!


AS STEVE PREPARES TO LEAVE, BIG TOWN'S MAYOR STEPS FROM THE FASCINATED CROWD WATCHING THE LESSON IN CRIME DETECTION...
GET THOSE PICS DOWNTOWN, BOYS--I WANT THEM OUT IN THE FOUR STAR EDITION!... HELLO, YOUR HONOR!
HELLO, STEVE! THOUGHT I'D COME DOWN AND SEE YOUR "UNSOLVED CRIMES OF YESTERYEAR" IN ACTION!

THIS IS A GREAT SERIES YOU'RE FEATURING IN THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, STEVE! OUR CITIZENS ARE LEARNING A LOT FROM IT!
BY SHARPENING THE PUBLIC'S WITS AND HIGH-LIGHTING THEIR MISTAKES, WE'LL ELIMINATE BIG TOWN'S SMALL PERCENTAGE OF UNSOLVED CRIMES!

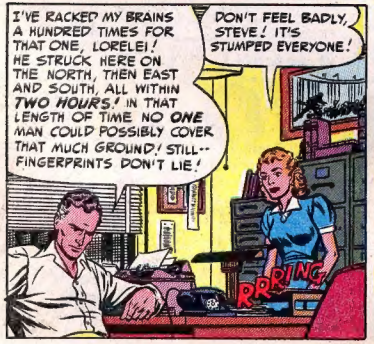
SORRY TO RUSH OFF, MAYOR, BUT I'VE GOT TO MEET ONE OF MY REPORTERS AT THE CITY MORGUE. HE'S WORKING ON THE TRI-ROBBERIES FOR NEXT WEEK'S CRIME SPREAD. HE SEEMS TO HAVE RUN INTO SOMETHING IMPORTANT!
THE TRI-ROBBERIES! THAT WAS A TOUGH ONE! GOOD LUCK, STEVE!
AS STEVE JOINS LORELEI KILBOURNE, HIS ASSISTANT, IN HARRY THE HACK'S TAXI...
PETE CHAMBERS WAS PRETTY EXCITED, STEVE! I WONDER IF HE'S REALLY FOUND ANYTHING?
HE'S ONE OF THE MOST DEPENDABLE MEN WE'VE GOT, LORELEI!
GOSH, MR. WILSON, THEY NEVER DID FIND ALL THAT STUFF THE PHANTOM SWIPED SIX YEARS AGO, DID THEY?
NO, HARRY! HE WAS A CUNNING CRIMINAL! PERHAPS PETE'S UNCOVERED A LEAD TO THE STOLEN GOODS...
A FEW MINUTES LATER, STEVE ARRIVES AT BIG TOWN'S "MORGUE"...
HAS MR. CHAMBERS ARRIVED YET, TIM?
YES, MR. WILSON, ABOUT TEN MINUTES AGO! THIS WAY, PLEASE...
WHAT ON EARTH COULD PETE EXPECT TO FIND HERE, STEVE?
THERE ARE CERTAIN RECORDS THE MORGUE KEEPS ON ITS OCCUPANTS, LORELEI! I IMAGINE PETE'S BEEN GOING THROUGH THE ONE'S ON OUR PHANTOM!
ONE OF YOUR REPORTERS, WASN'T HE, MR. WILSON?
OHHHH--
PETE CHAMBERS--DEAD!
3

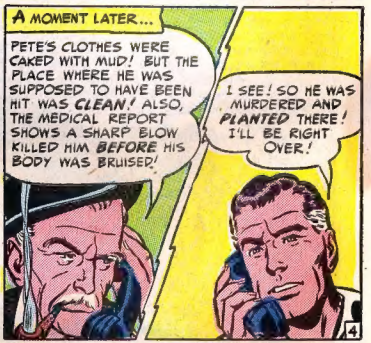
AS THE FIRST GREAT SHOCK PASSES, ANGER FLAMES IN THE FIGHTING EDITOR'S EYES...
TIM--WHAT HAPPENED?
HIT-AND-RUN ACCIDENT UP TOWN! THOUGHT YOU KNEW, MR. WILSON!

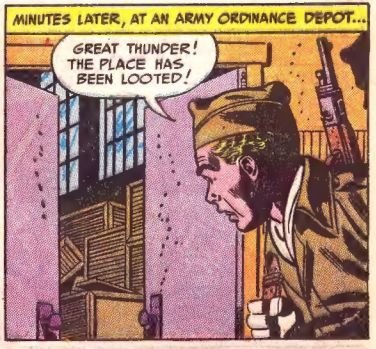
NOBODY SAW THE ACCIDENT, STEVE. BUT WE'RE CHECKING ON DAMAGED CARS... IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO....
THERE IS, INSPECTOR CALLAHAN! I WANT A WRIT TO TAKE EVERY MORGUE RECORD ON THE TRI-CRIME PHANTOM UP TO MY OFFICE! PETE WAS ON TO SOMETHING...I WANT TO KNOW JUST WHAT!
NOTICE

HOURS LATER AT THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUILDING, A TIRELESS STEVE EXAMINES THE MORGUE RECORDS OF "JOHN DOE" THE TRI-CRIME PHANTOM OF 1938...

HERE'S THE ONLY PICTURE OF THE PHANTOM, LORELEI--AS HE WAS FOUND DEAD OF A HEART ATTACK ON REED STREET! AND THIS IS HIS FINGERPRINT RECORD... WAIT— ISN'T THIS PETE'S HANDWRITING?
IT LOOKS LIKE IT, STEVE! SAY, I WONDER HOW THE PHANTOM WAS ABLE TO COMMIT ALL THOSE ROBBERIES IN ONE NIGHT?


I'VE RACKED MY BRAINS A HUNDRED TIMES FOR THAT ONE, LORELEI! HE STRUCK HERE ON THE NORTH, THEN EAST AND SOUTH, ALL WITHIN TWO HOURS! IN THAT LENGTH OF TIME NO ONE MAN COULD POSSIBLY COVER THAT MUCH GROUND! STILL--FINGERPRINTS DON'T LIE!
DON'T FEEL BADLY, STEVE! IT'S STUMPED EVERYONE!
RRRING


A MOMENT LATER...
PETE'S CLOTHES WERE CAKED WITH MUD! BUT THE PLACE WHERE HE WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN HIT WAS CLEAN! ALSO, THE MEDICAL REPORT SHOWS A SHARP BLOW KILLED HIM BEFORE HIS BODY WAS BRUISED!
I SEE! SO HE WAS MURDERED AND PLANTED THERE! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, AS STEVE WILSON FINISHES EXAMINING PETE CHAMBERS' CLOTHING...

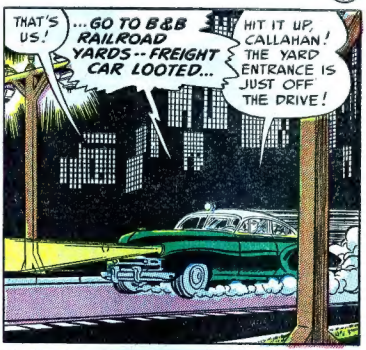
JIM, GET ME A REPORT ON THE MUD FROM THIS CLOTHING, PLEASE. THERE'S A CHANCE WE CAN TELL THE VICINITY IT CAME FROM!
STEVE! I'VE GOT TO BEAT IT! TROUBLE'S ON THE LOOSE ALL OVER TOWN!
RIGHT!

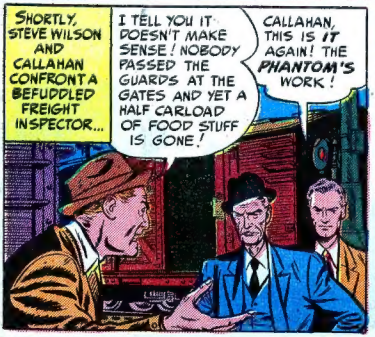
A JOHNSON CONSTRUCTION GUARD HAS BEEN KILLED AND THE ARMY ORDINANCE DEPOT HAS BEEN ROBBED OF BAZOOKA AND SHELLS! WANT TO COME ALONG? OR WOULD YOU RATHER KEEP PLUGGING ON PETE'S CASE?
I'VE DONE ALL I CAN FOR NOW! LET'S GO!

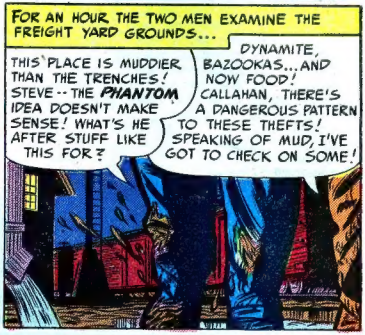
LET'S HIT THE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY FIRST, PETERSON! 122 NORTH END DRIVE!
NORTH END--AND THE ORDINANCE DEPOT IS EAST! ALL WE NEED NOW IS A CRIME ON THE SOUTH AND WE COULD HAVE ANOTHER TRI-CRIME WAVE!

CALLAHAN! PLAY A HUNCH WITH ME! PETE CHAMBERS WAS KILLED FOR DIGGING UP INFORMATION ON THE TRI-CRIME PHANTOM, SO HEAD SOUTH! NEAR THE DRIVE! IF SOMEONE SHOULD BE COMMITTING A CRIME THERE WE'D BE RIGHT ON HIS TAIL!
OKAY, STEVE!

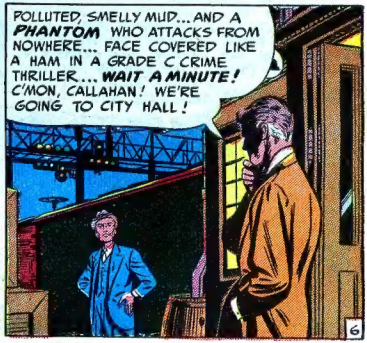
TWENTY MINUTES LATER, THE FIGHTER EDITOR ANXIOUSLY LISTENS TO THE RADIO IN THE CRUISING PATROL CAR...
NO GOOD, STEVE! THOSE FREAK CRIMES HAPPEN ONCE IN A CENTURY!
LISTEN!
CARS 42, 27 AND 6...

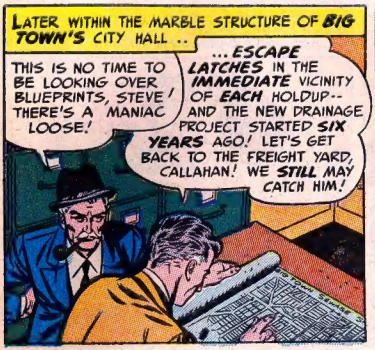

THAT'S US!
...GO TO B&B RAILROAD YARDS--FREIGHT CAR LOOTED...
HIT IT UP, CALLAHAN! THE YARD ENTRANCE IS JUST OFF THE DRIVE!


SHORTLY, STEVE WILSON AND CALLAHAN CONFRONT A BEFUDDLED FREIGHT INSPECTOR...
I TELL YOU IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! NOBODY PASSED THE GUARDS AT THE GATES AND YET A HALF CARLOAD OF FOOD STUFF IS GONE!
CALLAHAN, THIS IS IT AGAIN! THE PHANTOM'S WORK!


FOR AN HOUR THE TWO MEN EXAMINE THE FREIGHT YARD GROUNDS...
THIS PLACE IS MUDDIER THAN THE TRENCHES! STEVE--THE PHANTOM IDEA DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! WHAT'S HE AFTER STUFF LIKE THIS FOR?
DYNAMITE, BAZOOKAS...AND NOW FOOD! CALLAHAN, THERE'S A DANGEROUS PATTERN TO THESE THEFTS! SPEAKING OF MUD, I'VE GOT TO CHECK ON SOME!

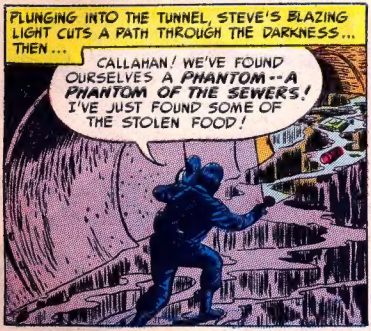
IN A NEARBY PHONE BOOTH STEVE RECEIVES A CHEMICAL REPORT FROM HEADQUARTERS...
WHAT! THE MUD IS POLLUTED--FILLED WITH ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE FERMENTATION! I KNOW IT SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT— THANKS!


POLLUTED, SMELLY MUD...AND A PHANTOM WHO ATTACKS FROM NOWHERE... FACE COVERED LIKE A HAM IN A GRADE C CRIME THRILLER... WAIT A MINUTE! C'MON, CALLAHAN! WE'RE GOING TO CITY HALL!

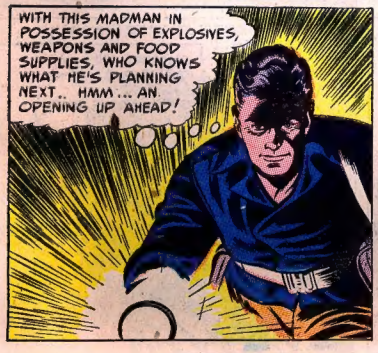

LATER WITHIN THE MARBLE STRUCTURE OF BIG TOWN'S CITY HALL ..
THIS IS NO TIME TO BE LOOKING OVER BLUEPRINTS, STEVE! THERE'S A MANIAC LOOSE!
...ESCAPE LATCHES IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY OF EACH HOLDUP--AND THE NEW DRAINAGE PROJECT STARTED SIX YEARS AGO! LET'S GET BACK TO THE FREIGHT YARD, CALLAHAN! WE STILL MAY CATCH HIM!

FLOOD LIGHTS TURN THE FREIGHT YARD INTO DAY AS STEVE WILSON SHOUTS DIRECTIONS TO AN ANXIOUS CROWD...

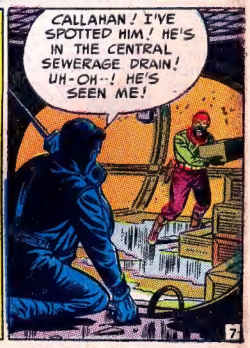
I'VE GOT ALL THE EQUIPMENT YOU REQUESTED, STEVE! BUT I STILL DON'T SEE IT!
OPEN SEWER DRAINS WERE AT EVERY PHANTOM ROBBERY LOCATION, CALLAHAN! THE PHANTOM WORE A FILTER MASK, REMEMBER...IT COULD BE THE ANSWER!

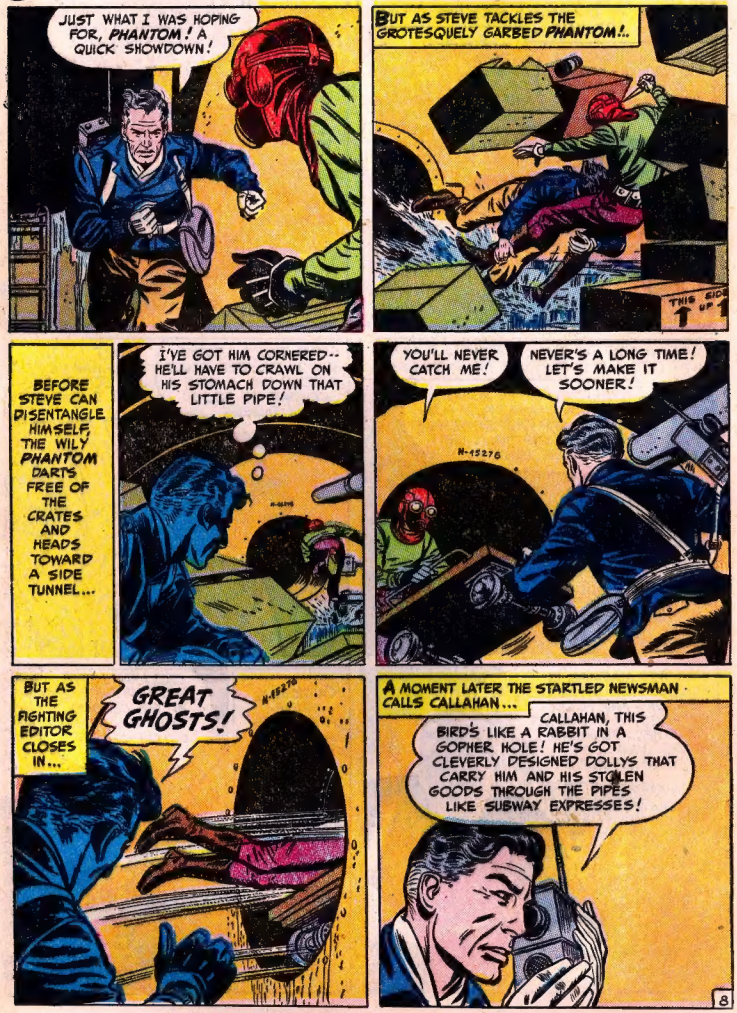

PLUNGING INTO THE TUNNEL, STEVE'S BLAZING LIGHT CUTS A PATH THROUGH THE DARKNESS... THEN...
CALLAHAN! WE'VE FOUND OURSELVES A PHANTOM--A PHANTOM OF THE SEWERS! I'VE JUST FOUND SOME OF THE STOLEN FOOD!

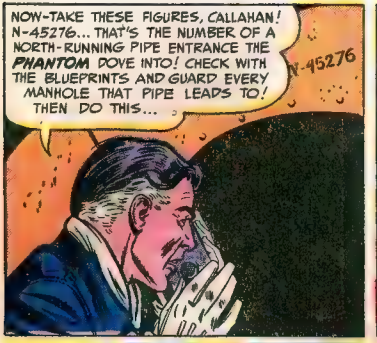
STEVE, THAT'S CRAZY! HOW IN THUNDER COULD ANYONE LUG A HALF A CARLOAD OF FOOD DOWN THERE?
DON'T KNOW, CALLAHAN! BUT I'M GOING ON UNTIL I FIND OUT...

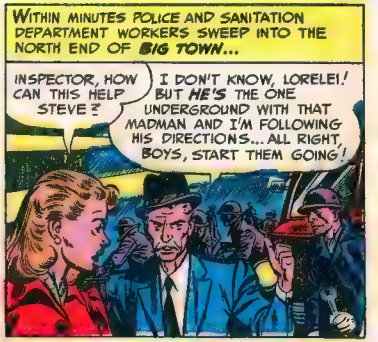

WITH THIS MADMAN IN POSSESSION OF EXPLOSIVES, WEAPONS AND FOOD SUPPLIES, WHO KNOWS WHAT HE'S PLANNING NEXT... HMM... AN OPENING UP AHEAD!

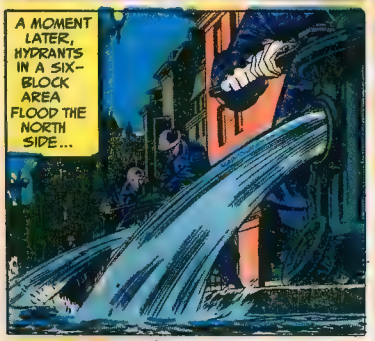
CAUTIOUSLY, STEVE APPROACHES A GIANT CENTRAL DRAIN AHEAD... A QUICK LOOK AND HE HURRIEDLY FLIPS THE WALKIE TALKIE'S SENDING BUTTON...

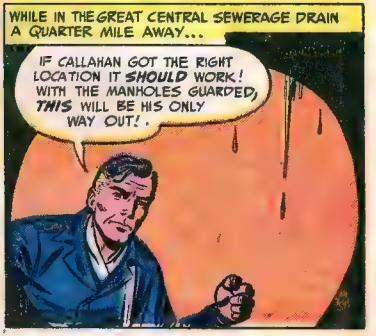


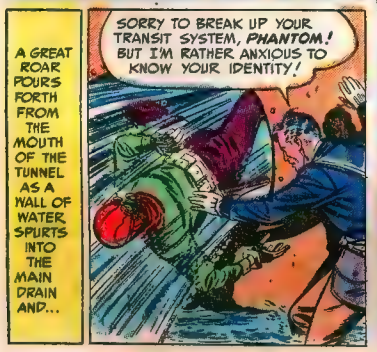

JUST WHAT I WAS HOPING FOR, PHANTOM! A QUICK SHOWDOWN!
BUT AS STEVE TACKLES THE GROTESQUELY GARBED PHANTOM!..
THIS SIDE UP
BEFORE STEVE CAN DISENTANGLE HIMSELF, THE WILY PHANTOM DARTS FREE OF THE CRATES AND HEADS TOWARD A SIDE TUNNEL...
I'VE GOT HIM CORNERED-- HE'LL HAVE TO CRAWL ON HIS STOMACH DOWN THAT LITTLE PIPE!
YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME!
NEVER'S A LONG TIME! LET'S MAKE IT SOONER!
N-15276
BUT AS THE FIGHTING EDITOR CLOSES IN...
GREAT GHOSTS!
A MOMENT LATER THE STARTLED NEWSMAN CALLS CALLAHAN...
CALLAHAN, THIS BIRD'S LIKE A RABBIT IN A GOPHER HOLE! HE'S GOT CLEVERLY DESIGNED DOLLYS THAT CARRY HIM AND HIS STOLEN GOODS THROUGH THE PIPES LIKE SUBWAY EXPRESSES!

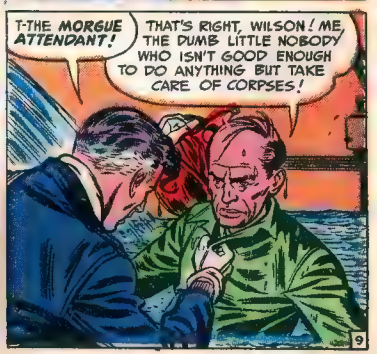

NOW-TAKE THESE FIGURES, CALLAHAN! N-45276... THAT'S THE NUMBER OF A NORTH-RUNNING PIPE ENTRANCE THE PHANTOM DOVE INTO! CHECK WITH THE BLUEPRINTS AND GUARD EVERY MANHOLE THAT PIPE LEADS TO! THEN DO THIS...
N-45276

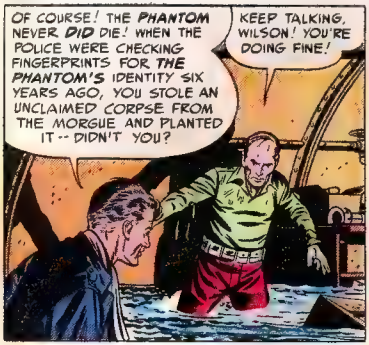

WITHIN MINUTES POLICE AND SANITATION DEPARTMENT WORKERS SWEEP INTO THE NORTH END OF BIG TOWN...
INSPECTOR, HOW CAN THIS HELP STEVE?
I DON'T KNOW, LORELEI! BUT HE'S THE ONE UNDERGROUND WITH THAT MADMAN AND I'M FOLLOWING HIS DIRECTIONS... ALL RIGHT, BOYS, START THEM GOING!

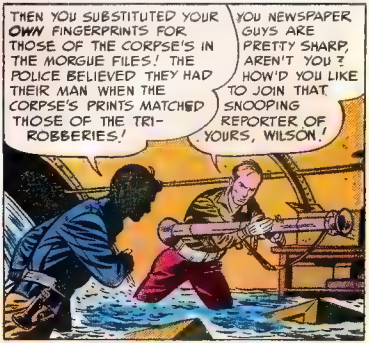

A MOMENT LATER, HYDRANTS IN A SIX-BLOCK AREA FLOOD THE NORTH SIDE...


WHILE IN THE GREAT CENTRAL SEWERAGE DRAIN A QUARTER MILE AWAY...
IF CALLAHAN GOT THE RIGHT LOCATION IT SHOULD WORK! WITH THE MANHOLES GUARDED, THIS WILL BE HIS ONLY WAY OUT!


A GREAT ROAR POURS FORTH FROM THE MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL AS A WALL OF WATER SPURTS INTO THE MAIN DRAIN AND...
SORRY TO BREAK UP YOUR TRANSIT SYSTEM, PHANTOM! BUT I'M RATHER ANXIOUS TO KNOW YOUR IDENTITY!

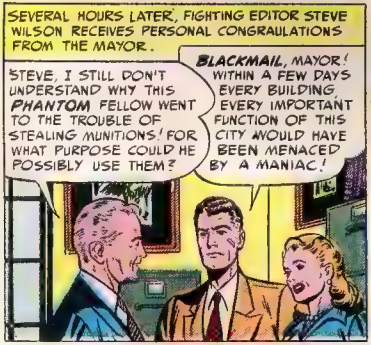

T-THE MORGUE ATTENDANT!
THAT'S RIGHT, WILSON! ME, THE DUMB LITTLE NOBODY WHO ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH TO DO ANYTHING BUT TAKE CARE OF CORPSES!

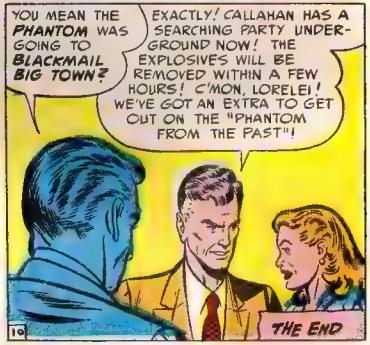

OF COURSE! THE PHANTOM NEVER DID DIE! WHEN THE POLICE WERE CHECKING FINGERPRINTS FOR THE PHANTOM'S IDENTITY SIX YEARS AGO, YOU STOLE AN UNCLAIMED CORPSE FROM THE MORGUE AND PLANTED IT -- DIDN'T YOU?
KEEP TALKING, WILSON! YOU'RE DOING FINE!


THEN YOU SUBSTITUTED YOUR OWN FINGERPRINTS FOR THOSE OF THE CORPSE'S IN THE MORGUE FILES! THE POLICE BELIEVED THEY HAD THEIR MAN WHEN THE CORPSE'S PRINTS MATCHED THOSE OF THE TRI-ROBBERIES!
YOU NEWSPAPER GUYS ARE PRETTY SHARP, AREN'T YOU? HOW'D YOU LIKE TO JOIN THAT SNOOPING REPORTER OF YOURS, WILSON!

ON THE SURFACE, A HASTILY ORGANIZED RESCUE CREW WORKS FEVERISHLY AS ANXIOUS EYES SCAN THE DEBRIS FOR A SIGN OF LIFE... SUDDENLY...

STEVE! STEVE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES, CALLAHAN! AND HERE'S CHAMBER'S MURDERER -- THE MORGUE ATTENDANT, ALIAS THE PHANTOM! WHEN PETE GOT HOT ON HIS TRAIL, HE MURDERED HIM!


SEVERAL HOURS LATER, FIGHTING EDITOR STEVE WILSON RECEIVES PERSONAL CONGRAULATIONS FROM THE MAYOR.
STEVE, I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THIS PHANTOM FELLOW WENT TO THE TROUBLE OF STEALING MUNITIONS! FOR WHAT PURPOSE COULD HE POSSIBLY USE THEM?
BLACKMAIL, MAYOR! WITHIN A FEW DAYS EVERY BUILDING EVERY IMPORTANT FUNCTION OF THIS CITY WOULD HAVE BEEN MENACED BY A MANIAC!


YOU MEAN THE PHANTOM WAS GOING TO BLACKMAIL BIG TOWN?
EXACTLY! CALLAHAN HAS A SEARCHING PARTY UNDERGROUND NOW! THE EXPLOSIVES WILL BE REMOVED WITHIN A FEW HOURS! C'MON, LORELEI! WE'VE GOT AN EXTRA TO GET OUT ON THE "PHANTOM FROM THE PAST"!
10
THE END

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WE'RE HOLDING HER FOR RANSOM!
CHIEF WANT HEAP BIG RANSOM!
WONT SOMEBODY SAVE ME?! WHERE'S PUD?
BETTER HURRY WITH RANSOM! BURN-UM AT STAKE SOON!
ME SCALP UM!
UNHAND THAT GAL! I'VE COME WITH THE RANSOM!
IT BETTER BE HEAP GOOD!
PUD!
DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM! THAT'S HEAP GOOD!
CUT HER LOOSE! ME FOR DUBBLE BUBBLE!
FUNNIES, FACTS AN' FORTUNES TOO!
POP!
BIGGERN BETTER BUBBLES!
IT'S FUN TO FOLLOW FLEER FUNNIES!
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BIG TOWN
DAILY BLADE
CHILD INJURED IN CIRCULATION WAR
BIG TOWN ROCKED BY CIRCULATION WAR
DAILY BLADE
WILSON DECLARES WAR ON BLADE
EDITOR OF ILLUSTRATED PRESS THREATENS TO KNOCK DAILY BLADE OFF THE STANDS
Illustrated
DAILY BLADE SMEARS STEVE WILSON
THE PAST MOVED SWIFTLY IN ON STEVE WILSON, CRUSADING EDITOR OF ILLUSTRATED PRESS, AS CRIMINALS ONCE AGAIN CRASHED INTO JOURNALISM AND BLENDED THEIR BRUTAL TALENTS TO STRANGLE BIG TOWN'S LEADING NEWSPAPER. BUT BIG TOWN'S FIGHTING EDITOR SOON LEARNED THAT TRUTH ALONE WOULD NOT DEFEAT THE CLEVER CUNNING OF THOSE RACKETEERS WHO TRIED TO BESMIRCH HIS PAPER'S HONOR BY BRINGING ABOUT...
"STEVE WILSON'S DISGRACE!"

AT THE CITY CLUB, STEVE WILSON AND HIS ASSISTANT, LORELEI, LISTEN TO POPULAR EDITOR-PUBLISHER, JOHN DUNN, CONCLUDE HIS ANNOUNCEMENT OF A NEW DAILY PAPER...

AND THAT'S ALL, FOLKS. SEE YOU IN THE PAPERS--THE NEW **DAILY BLADE!**

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE JOHN DUNN'S LITTLE WEEKLY IS BECOMING ANOTHER **BIG TOWN** DAILY, STEVE! THIS WILL BE COMPETITION!

HEALTHY COMPETITION, LORELEI. THE KIND OF PAPER JOHN WILL PUT OUT WILL BE A STEP FORWARD FOR THE CITY!

GLAD TO HAVE YOU ON THE BIG CIRCUIT, JOHN! **THE DAILY BLADE** WILL BE JUST AS POPULAR AS THE OLD **WEEKLY BLADE**, I'M SURE!

THANKS, STEVE, LORELEI! I'LL HAVE TO BE MOVING ALONG--OUR FIRST EDITION HITS THE STANDS TOMORROW, YOU KNOW!

THE NEXT MORNING, A PEEL OF JOURNALISTIC THUNDER RESOUNDS THROUGH THE OFFICES OF THE **ILLUSTRATED PRESS** AS...

I JUST CAN'T **BELIEVE** IT! WHAT ON EARTH DOES IT MEAN, STEVE?

I DON'T KNOW, LORELEI! HARRY, YOU SAY YOU BOUGHT THIS ON THE NEWSSTAND?

THAT'S RIGHT, MR. WILSON!

DAILY BLADE! DAILY **SMEAR SHEET**, THEY MEAN! HOW DARE THEY?

"**ILLUSTRATED PRESS** EDITOR, STEVE WILSON, HAS ATTEMPTED TO BROWBEAT OUR COMPETITIVE **DAILY BLADE** OUT OF EXISTENCE. WE WILL FIGHT SUCH THREATS OF VIOLENCE WITH..." WHY, THIS IS **FANTASTIC!**

STEVE WILSON THREATENS WAR ON NEW DAILY BLADE

STEVE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

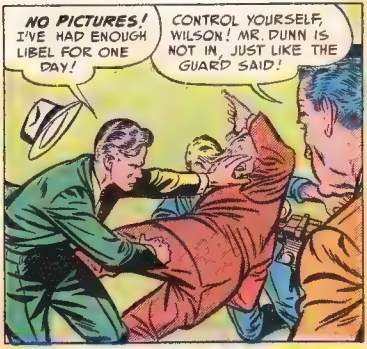
TO SEE JOHN DUNN AT THE **BLADE**--WHAT ELSE! I CAN'T BELIEVE HE'D HAVE A PART OF THIS! IT MUST BE SOME SORT OF HOAX! LET'S GO, HARRY!

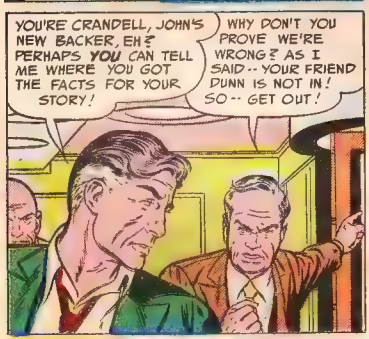
MINUTES LATER, AT THE BLADE OFFICES...

SORRY! NOBODY ADMITTED WITHOUT A SPECIAL PASS!

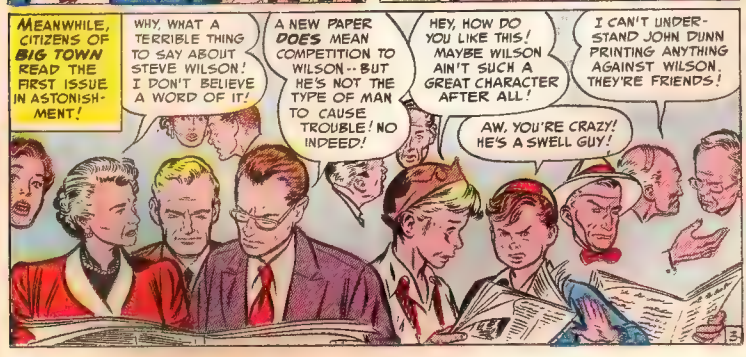
PASS BE HANGED! I'M A FRIEND OF EDITOR JOHN DUNN. HE'LL SEE **ME!**

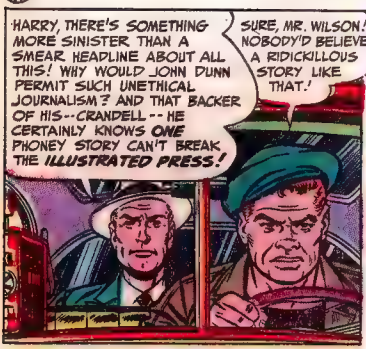
NOBODY... GETS... IN ... I SAID!
GET THAT SHOT, JOE!

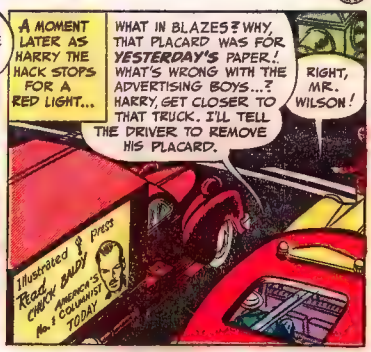

NO PICTURES! I'VE HAD ENOUGH LIBEL FOR ONE DAY!
CONTROL YOURSELF, WILSON! MR. DUNN IS NOT IN, JUST LIKE THE GUARD SAID!

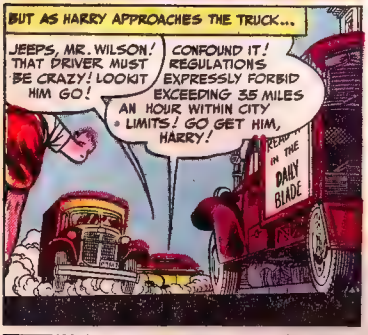

YOU'RE CRANDELL, JOHN'S NEW BACKER, EH? PERHAPS YOU CAN TELL ME WHERE YOU GOT THE FACTS FOR YOUR STORY!
WHY DON'T YOU PROVE WE'RE WRONG? AS I SAID -- YOUR FRIEND DUNN IS NOT IN! SO -- GET OUT!

I'LL GET OUT, CRANDELL! BUT ONE THING I PROMISE YOU -- I'LL GET A RETRACTION OUT OF YOUR SHEET IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!


MEANWHILE, CITIZENS OF BIG TOWN READ THE FIRST ISSUE IN ASTONISHMENT!
WHY, WHAT A TERRIBLE THING TO SAY ABOUT STEVE WILSON! I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT!
A NEW PAPER DOES MEAN COMPETITION TO WILSON -- BUT HE'S NOT THE TYPE OF MAN TO CAUSE TROUBLE! NO INDEED!
HEY, HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS! MAYBE WILSON AIN'T SUCH A GREAT CHARACTER AFTER ALL!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND JOHN DUNN PRINTING ANYTHING AGAINST WILSON. THEY'RE FRIENDS!
AW, YOU'RE CRAZY! HE'S A SWELL GUY!


HARRY, THERE'S SOMETHING MORE SINISTER THAN A SMEAR HEADLINE ABOUT ALL THIS! WHY WOULD JOHN DUNN PERMIT SUCH UNETHICAL JOURNALISM? AND THAT BACKER OF HIS--CRANDELL -- HE CERTAINLY KNOWS ONE PHONEY STORY CAN'T BREAK THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS!
SURE, MR. WILSON! NOBODY'D BELIEVE A RIDICKILLOUS STORY LIKE THAT!


A MOMENT LATER AS HARRY THE HACK STOPS FOR A RED LIGHT...
WHAT IN BLAZES? WHY, THAT PLACARD WAS FOR YESTERDAY'S PAPER.! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE ADVERTISING BOYS...? HARRY, GET CLOSER TO THAT TRUCK. I'LL TELL THE DRIVER TO REMOVE HIS PLACARD.
RIGHT, MR. WILSON!
Illustrated Press
Read CHIEF BALDY America's Columnist TODAY
No. 1

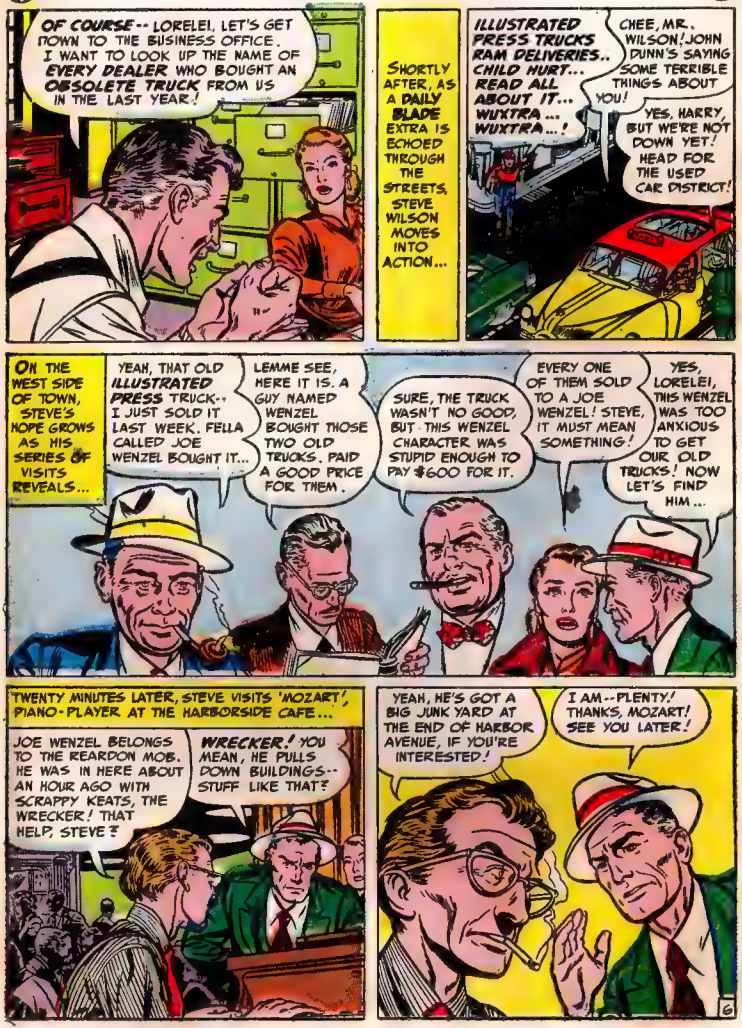

BUT AS HARRY APPROACHES THE TRUCK...
JEEPS, MR. WILSON! THAT DRIVER MUST BE CRAZY! LOOKIT HIM GO!
CONFOUND IT! REGULATIONS EXPRESSLY FORBID EXCEEDING 35 MILES AN HOUR WITHIN CITY LIMITS! GO GET HIM, HARRY!
READ IN THE DAILY BLADE

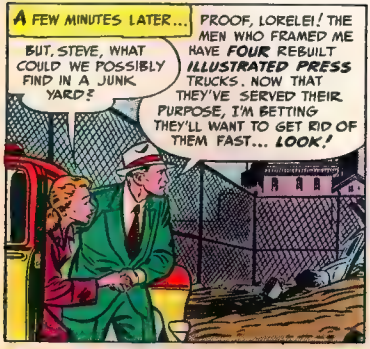
GREAT SUFFERING...! HARRY! STOP!
CRASH

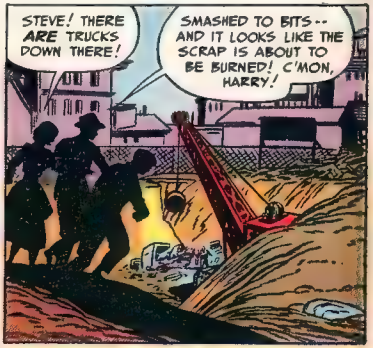
WAIT! YOU'D BETTER NOT MOVE THE CHILD UNTIL AN AMBULANCE COMES! THERE MAY BE SOMETHING BROKEN!
MR. WILSON! YOU TELL ME NOT TO MOVE MY CHILD, DO YOU? WELL, I TELL YOU MAYBE YOU SHOULD STOP THE FIGHTING SO INNOCENT CHILDREN DON'T HAVE TO GO IN AMBULANCES!

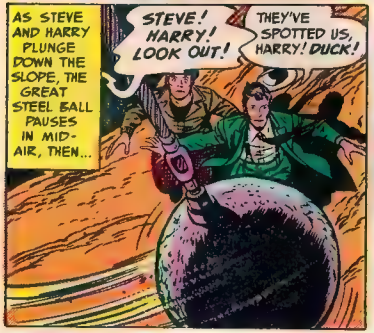
AT FIRST, I DON'T BELIEVE ALL THESE STORIES I HEAR ABOUT YOU, MR. WILSON! NOW LOOK! LITTLE ANTHONY IS SUFFERING 'CAUSE BIG PAPERS WANT TO FIGHT--FIGHT FOR POWER AND MONEY!
BELIEVE ME, MADAME, THIS TERRIBLE ACCIDENT WAS NOT PLANNED!

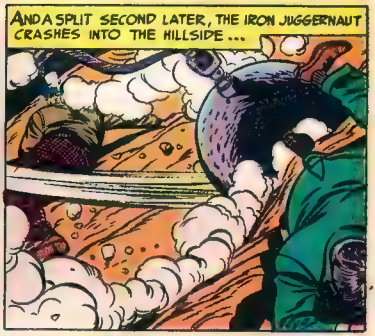
ALL RIGHT, BUSTER! DON'T GET TOUGH! MR. WILSON DIDN'T HAVE NOTHING TA DO WITH THIS!
OH, YEAH?
EASY, HARRY! YOU CAN'T BLAME THESE FOLKS! LET'S GET BACK TO THE OFFICE. I WANT A WORD WITH OUR TRUCK DRIVER!
BUT WHEN HE REACHES HIS OFFICE, STEVE GETS A HOT RECEPTION...
GREAT HANNAH, STEVE! THIS ISN'T JUST A SMEAR CAMPAIGN ANY LONGER! TWO BLADE TRUCKS HAVE BEEN SMASHED, A NEWS-STAND RANSACKED, AND ONE OF THE BLADE PAPER DEALERS BEATEN SEVERELY. WHAT IS GOING ON? I'M THE PRESS' PUBLISHER, AND I DEMAND TO KNOW!
I DON'T KNOW, MR. McGRATH! SAY, WAIT A MINUTE! DID THE WITNESSES DESCRIBE THE TRUCKS?
TO THE LETTER! EVEN DESCRIBED THE TRUCKS' ADVERTISING POSTER! A CLOSE-UP OF COLUMNIST, CHUCK BALDY. THERE'S NO MISTAKE!
I'M AFRAID THERE IS! I ORDERED THOSE TRUCKS TO SHOW FRESH AIR FUND POSTERS TODAY! LET'S GET DOWN TO CIRCULATION-- THE TRUCKS SHOULD ALL BE IN NOW!
SOON, THE PUZZLE BECOMES MORE INTRICATE AS...
NO, SIR, MR. WILSON, EVERY ONE OF OUR TRUCKS IS IN AND THEY ALL CARRIED THE PLACARD YOU SPECIFIED!
BUT I SAW ONE OF THEM WITH CHUCK BALDY MYSELF!
STEVE, WE MUST DO SOMETHING! WHEN THE BLADE HITS THE STANDS WITH WHAT'S HAPPENED, THE WHOLE TOWN WILL TURN ON US! WE MUST PROVE THIS WHOLE THING IS A FRAME-UP!
WE'RE IN THE MISERABLE POSITION OF HAVING TO PROVE OUR INNOCENCE! THEY'VE PLAYED THEIR CARDS CLEVERLY!
HOURS LATER, A FIGHTING CITY EDITOR BATTLES VALIANTLY INTO THE NIGHT TO SAVE HIS PAPER FROM DESTRUCTION..
NO LUCK, STEVE! JOHN DUNN'S NOT AT HIS HOME, CLUB, OR COUNTRY PLACE. NOBODY'S EVEN SEEN HIM!
JOHN MUST BE HIDING... ASHAMED TO FACE US... IF ONLY I COULD FIGURE THOSE TRUCKS OUT... WHERE WERE THEY GOTTEN? SAY-Y-Y, I WONDER...?

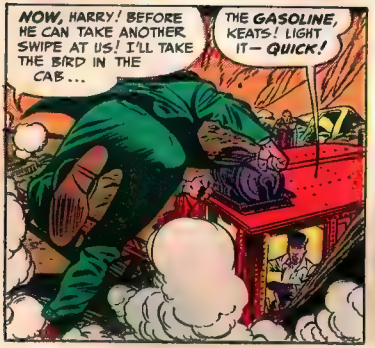

OF COURSE -- LORELEI, LET'S GET DOWN TO THE BUSINESS OFFICE. I WANT TO LOOK UP THE NAME OF EVERY DEALER WHO BOUGHT AN OBSOLETE TRUCK FROM US IN THE LAST YEAR!
SHORTLY AFTER, AS A DAILY BLADE EXTRA IS ECHOED THROUGH THE STREETS, STEVE WILSON MOVES INTO ACTION...
ILLUSTRATED PRESS TRUCKS RAM DELIVERIES.. CHILD HURT... READ ALL ABOUT IT... WUXTRA... WUXTRA...!
CHEE, MR. WILSON! JOHN DUNN'S SAYING SOME TERRIBLE THINGS ABOUT YOU!
YES, HARRY, BUT WE'RE NOT DOWN YET! HEAD FOR THE USED CAR DISTRICT!
ON THE WEST SIDE OF TOWN, STEVE'S HOPE GROWS AS HIS SERIES OF VISITS REVEALS...
YEAH, THAT OLD ILLUSTRATED PRESS TRUCK-- I JUST SOLD IT LAST WEEK. FELLA CALLED JOE WENZEL BOUGHT IT...
LEMME SEE, HERE IT IS. A GUY NAMED WENZEL BOUGHT THOSE TWO OLD TRUCKS. PAID A GOOD PRICE FOR THEM.
SURE, THE TRUCK WASN'T NO GOOD, BUT THIS WENZEL CHARACTER WAS STUPID ENOUGH TO PAY $600 FOR IT.
EVERY ONE OF THEM SOLD TO A JOE WENZEL! STEVE, IT MUST MEAN SOMETHING!
YES, LORELEI, THIS WENZEL WAS TOO ANXIOUS TO GET OUR OLD TRUCKS! NOW LET'S FIND HIM...
TWENTY MINUTES LATER, STEVE VISITS 'MOZART', PIANO-PLAYER AT THE HARBORSIDE CAFE...
JOE WENZEL BELONGS TO THE REARDON MOB. HE WAS IN HERE ABOUT AN HOUR AGO WITH SCRAPPY KEATS, THE WRECKER! THAT HELP, STEVE?
WRECKER! YOU MEAN, HE PULLS DOWN BUILDINGS-- STUFF LIKE THAT?
YEAH, HE'S GOT A BIG JUNK YARD AT THE END OF HARBOR AVENUE, IF YOU'RE INTERESTED!
I AM--PLENTY! THANKS, MOZART! SEE YOU LATER!
6

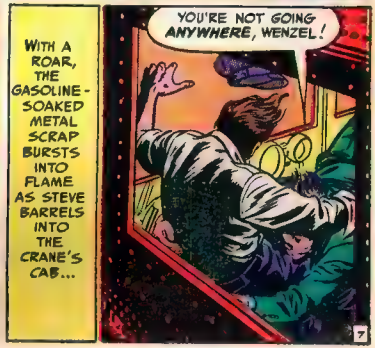

A FEW MINUTES LATER...
BUT, STEVE, WHAT COULD WE POSSIBLY FIND IN A JUNK YARD?
PROOF, LORELEI! THE MEN WHO FRAMED ME HAVE FOUR REBUILT ILLUSTRATED PRESS TRUCKS. NOW THAT THEY'VE SERVED THEIR PURPOSE, I'M BETTING THEY'LL WANT TO GET RID OF THEM FAST... LOOK!

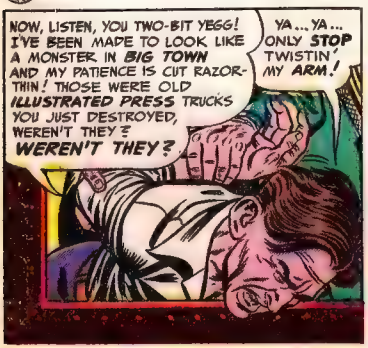

STEVE! THERE ARE TRUCKS DOWN THERE!
SMASHED TO BITS -- AND IT LOOKS LIKE THE SCRAP IS ABOUT TO BE BURNED! C'MON, HARRY!

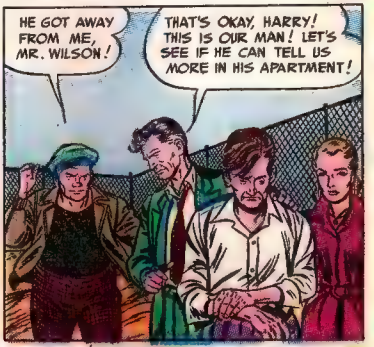

AS STEVE AND HARRY PLUNGE DOWN THE SLOPE, THE GREAT STEEL BALL PAUSES IN MID-AIR, THEN...
STEVE! HARRY! LOOK OUT!
THEY'VE SPOTTED US, HARRY! DUCK!

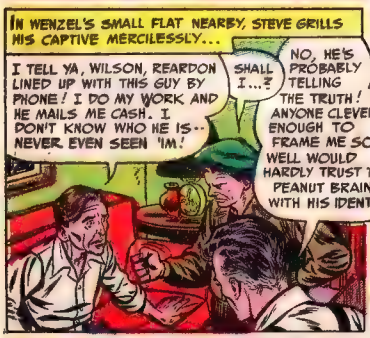

AND A SPLIT SECOND LATER, THE IRON JUGGERNAUT CRASHES INTO THE HILLSIDE...

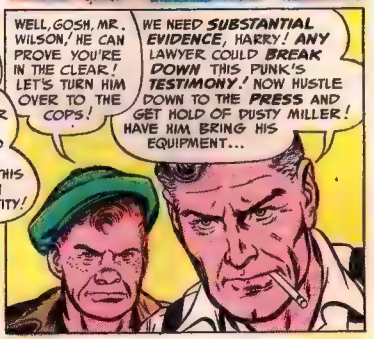

NOW, HARRY! BEFORE HE CAN TAKE ANOTHER SWIPE AT US! I'LL TAKE THE BIRD IN THE CAB...
THE GASOLINE, KEATS! LIGHT IT— QUICK!


WITH A ROAR, THE GASOLINE-SOAKED METAL SCRAP BURSTS INTO FLAME AS STEVE BARRELS INTO THE CRANE'S CAB...
YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE, WENZEL!


NOW, LISTEN, YOU TWO-BIT YEGG! I'VE BEEN MADE TO LOOK LIKE A MONSTER IN BIG TOWN AND MY PATIENCE IS CUT RAZOR-THIN! THOSE WERE OLD ILLUSTRATED PRESS TRUCKS YOU JUST DESTROYED, WEREN'T THEY? WEREN'T THEY?
YA... YA... ONLY STOP TWISTIN' MY ARM!


HE GOT AWAY FROM ME, MR. WILSON!
THAT'S OKAY, HARRY! THIS IS OUR MAN! LET'S SEE IF HE CAN TELL US MORE IN HIS APARTMENT!

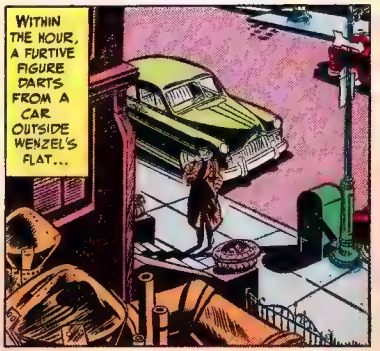

IN WENZEL'S SMALL FLAT NEARBY, STEVE GRILLS HIS CAPTIVE MERCILESSLY...
I TELL YA, WILSON, REARDON LINED UP WITH THIS GUY BY PHONE! I DO MY WORK AND HE MAILS ME CASH. I DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS-- NEVER EVEN SEEN 'IM!
SHALL I...?
NO, HE'S PROBABLY TELLING THE TRUTH! ANYONE CLEVER ENOUGH TO FRAME ME SO WELL WOULD HARDLY TRUST THIS PEANUT BRAIN WITH HIS IDENTITY!


WELL, GOSH, MR. WILSON, HE CAN PROVE YOU'RE IN THE CLEAR! LET'S TURN HIM OVER TO THE COPS!
WE NEED SUBSTANTIAL EVIDENCE, HARRY! ANY LAWYER COULD BREAK DOWN THIS PUNK'S TESTIMONY! NOW HUSTLE DOWN TO THE PRESS AND GET HOLD OF DUSTY MILLER! HAVE HIM BRING HIS EQUIPMENT...

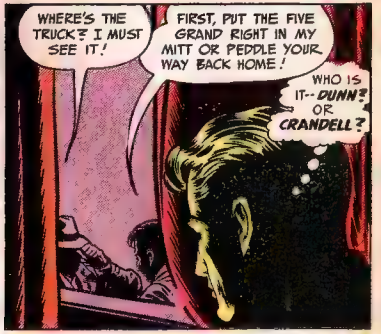
IN A FEW MINUTES, THE PHONE RINGS IN WENZEL'S APARTMENT AND...
REMEMBER...
LOOK--I DIDN'T DESTROY ALL THE TRUCKS. I KEPT ONE OUT. WILSON WILL PAY ME PLENTY FOR IT--MAYBE $5,000!

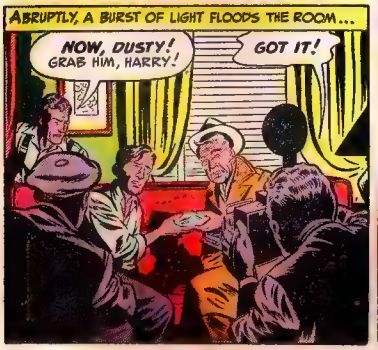
YOU GET FIRST CRACK! IF YOU'RE HERE IN A HOUR, WITH THE CASH-- OKAY... SURE, SURE NO LIGHTS! WHO CARES WHO YOU ARE--JUST HAVE THE DOUGH!

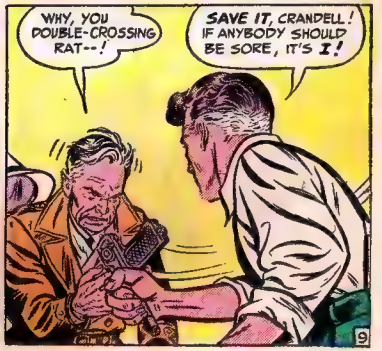
HE... HE SAID HE'LL BE HERE! WHAT IF HE SHOOTS ME, WILSON?
HARRY WILL BE BACK SOON. WE'LL BE READY FOR HIM! STOP COMPLAINING-- THE JUDGE MAY CONSIDER THIS WHEN HE SENTENCES YOU, WENZEL!

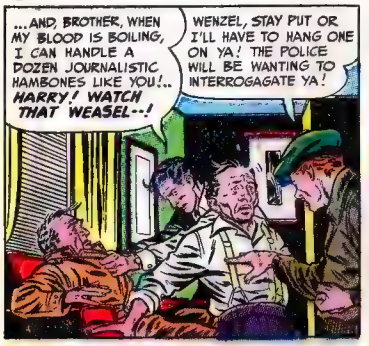

WITHIN THE HOUR, A FURTIVE FIGURE DARTS FROM A CAR OUTSIDE WENZEL'S FLAT...

WENZEL?
I'M OVER HERE! GOT THE MONEY?


WHERE'S THE TRUCK? I MUST SEE IT!
FIRST, PUT THE FIVE GRAND RIGHT IN MY MITT OR PEDDLE YOUR WAY BACK HOME!
WHO IS IT-- DUNN? OR CRANDELL?

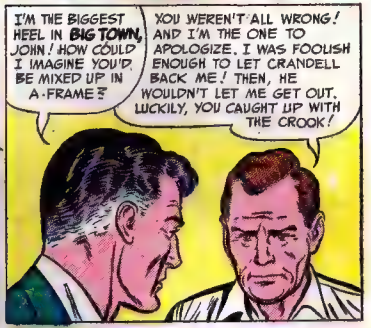

ABRUPTLY, A BURST OF LIGHT FLOODS THE ROOM...
NOW, DUSTY! GRAB HIM, HARRY!
GOT IT!

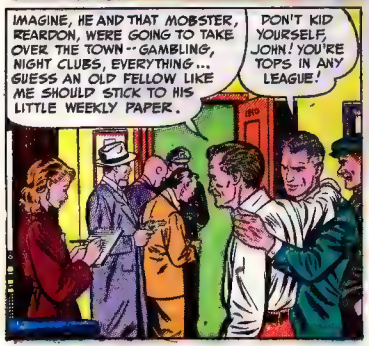

WHY, YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT--!
SAVE IT, CRANDELL! IF ANYBODY SHOULD BE SORE, IT'S I!

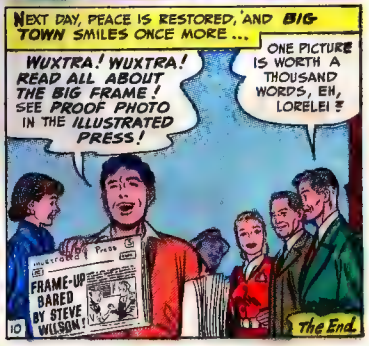

...AND, BROTHER, WHEN MY BLOOD IS BOILING, I CAN HANDLE A DOZEN JOURNALISTIC HAMBONES LIKE YOU!.. HARRY! WATCH THAT WEASEL--!
WENZEL, STAY PUT OR I'LL HAVE TO HANG ONE ON YA! THE POLICE WILL BE WANTING TO INTERROGAGATE YA!

CRANDELL, I'M JUST HOPING YOU MAKE ME DIG FOR INFORMATION! WAS JOHN DUNN IN ON THIS WITH YOU? SPEAK UP!
WILSON, Y-YOU'RE LOSING YOUR HEAD! I-I'LL TALK-- DUNN'S IN THE MINTON HOTEL ... UPTOWN! HONEST!

LATER, AT THE UPTOWN HOTEL AFTER STEVE HAS CALLED THE POLICE...
JOHN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
STEVE! T-THANK HEAVEN...


I'M THE BIGGEST HEEL IN BIG TOWN, JOHN! HOW COULD I IMAGINE YOU'D BE MIXED UP IN A-FRAME?
YOU WEREN'T ALL WRONG! AND I'M THE ONE TO APOLOGIZE. I WAS FOOLISH ENOUGH TO LET CRANDELL BACK ME! THEN, HE WOULDN'T LET ME GET OUT. LUCKILY, YOU CAUGHT UP WITH THE CROOK!


IMAGINE, HE AND THAT MOBSTER, REARDON, WERE GOING TO TAKE OVER THE TOWN -- GAMBLING, NIGHT CLUBS, EVERYTHING... GUESS AN OLD FELLOW LIKE ME SHOULD STICK TO HIS LITTLE WEEKLY PAPER.
DON'T KID YOURSELF, JOHN! YOU'RE TOPS IN ANY LEAGUE!


NEXT DAY, PEACE IS RESTORED, AND BIG TOWN SMILES ONCE MORE ...
WUXTRA! WUXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT THE BIG FRAME! SEE PROOF PHOTO IN THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS!
ONE PICTURE IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS, EH, LORELEI?
FRAME-UP BARED BY STEVE WILSON!
10
The End.

CRACK SHOT

SURRENDER, LEM. YOU WILL GET A FAIR TRIAL.

FIVE GREAT U.S. PRESIDENTS WERE GUARDED BY THIS GENIAL KENTUCKIAN WITH THE EFFICIENT TRIGGER FINGER.

AS A LAD HE WAS A SKILLED HORSEMAN AND A CRACK SHOT. JUST OUT OF HIGH SCHOOL, HE WAS MADE A DEPUTY. ONCE, THE YOUTH FOLLOWED A NOTORIOUS OUTLAW INTO THE HILLS AND CAPTURED HIM WITHOUT A FIGHT!

HE WAS SOON A RAILROAD DETECTIVE AND ROUNDED UP SO MANY TRAIN ROBBERS THAT THE U.S. SECRET SERVICE APPOINTED HIM TO THE WHITE HOUSE DETAIL.

IN 1919 STARLING WAS IN FRANCE PROTECTING PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON FROM CRANKS AND FANATICS.

BEAT IT!

COL. E.W. STARLING

ONE DAY WHILE RIDING IN AN AUTO WITH THE PRESIDENT AND PREMIER CLEMENCEAU, OF FRANCE, A WOULD-BE ASSASSIN POINTED A GUN AT THE PREMIER....

NOT SO FAST, MISTER!

...A SHOT RANG OUT, BUT IT WAS FROM STARLING'S GUN. HIS BULLET SMASHED THE ASSASSIN'S GUN HAND — ONE OF THE GREATEST SHOTS IN HISTORY!

DID YOU HEAR THIS UN, CHIEF?

THE TALL COLONEL TAUGHT PRESIDENTS TO RELAX. HE WAS A GREAT FAVORITE OF F.D.R.'S. STARLING DIED A FEW YEARS AGO, JUST AFTER WRITING HIS MEMOIRS, A PAL AND PROTECTOR OF PRESIDENTS.

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BUZZY Scores one for the HANDICAPPED!

HEY, BUZZY, WHY DOES SUSIE HAVE TO BE NICE TO THAT DEAF GUY? LET HIM GO SIT IN THE CORNER AND MOPE, LIKE HE USED TO.
AW, GIVE JOHNNY A BREAK, WOLFIE.
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SPEAK SLOWLY AND DISTINCTLY, SO HE CAN READ YOUR LIPS, AND YOU CAN GET ALONG FINE WITH HIM. HE'S DANCING PRETTY WELL NOW, WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM SUSIE.
AW, HE'S A KILL-JOY. I'M GOING TO CUT IN ON HIM.
YOU'RE DOING OKAY, JOHNNY. AND I'M GLAD YOU'RE GETTING YOUR HEARING AID NEXT WEEK.
SO AM I, SUSIE. I FELT SELF-CONSCIOUS ABOUT THE IDEA, BUT THEN I REALIZED HOW SILLY IT WAS. HOW COULD I EXPECT HELP FROM OTHERS IF I DIDN'T HELP MYSELF?
HEY, LOOK OUT.
CRASH!
NOW SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE.
DON'T MIND HIM, JOHNNY. IT WAS REALLY HIS FAULT, TRYING TO BARGE IN LIKE THAT.
THANKS, BUZZY. BUT MAYBE I CAN SAVE THE PARTY BY PLAYING THE PIANO FOR THE GANG I USED TO PLAY BEFORE MY ACCIDENT AND I CAN STILL DO PRETTY WELL AT IT.
ISN'T HE TERRIFIC!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? NOW I'M THE KILL-JOY!
DON'T YOU BE A KILL-JOY. REMEMBER, A HANDICAPPED PERSON WANTS TO JOIN IN THINGS, TOO. HIS ATTITUDE DEPENDS UPON HOW YOU ACT TOWARD HIM. SO GIVE HIM YOUR HELP AND UNDERSTANDING—AND HE WON'T FEEL HANDICAPPED.

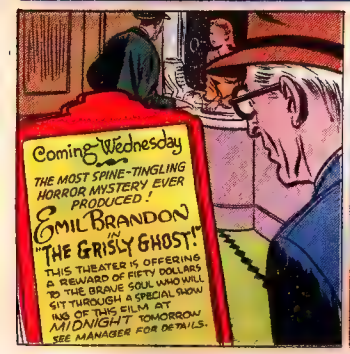
THIS PAGE IS PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH LEADING NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE AND YOUTH-SERVING ORGANIZATIONS

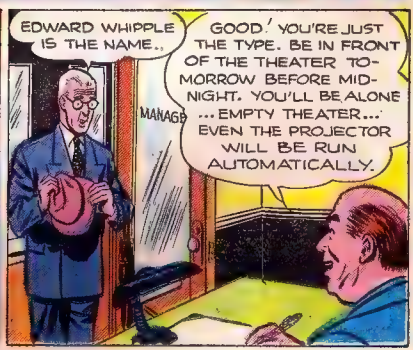
Johnny Law

HEADQUARTERS DETECTIVE

CAN A MOTION PICTURE REACH OUT FOR THE LIFE OF A MAN? CAN TERROR, ARTIFICIALLY CONTRIVED, KILL? THESE ARE THE QUESTIONS THAT HAUNT DETECTIVE JOHNNY LAW UNTIL THE CASUAL WORDS OF A MOVIE-GOER PROVIDE THE CHANCE CLUE THAT SENDS THE CANNY SLEUTH SMASHING THROUGH THE SCREEN OF BIZARRE MYSTERY THAT SHROUDS THE CASE OF...

"THE FEARSOME FILM!"

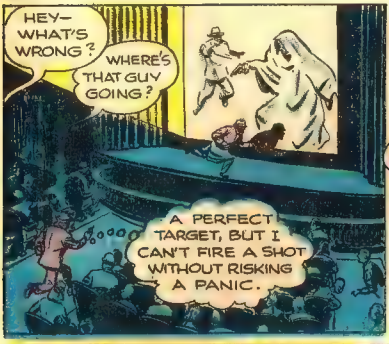

Coming Wednesday
THE MOST SPINE-TINGLING HORROR MYSTERY EVER PRODUCED!
EMIL BRANDON IN "THE GRISLY GHOST!"
THIS THEATER IS OFFERING A REWARD OF FIFTY DOLLARS TO THE BRAVE SOUL WHO WILL SIT THROUGH A SPECIAL SHOWING OF THIS FILM AT MIDNIGHT TOMORROW
SEE MANAGER FOR DETAILS.

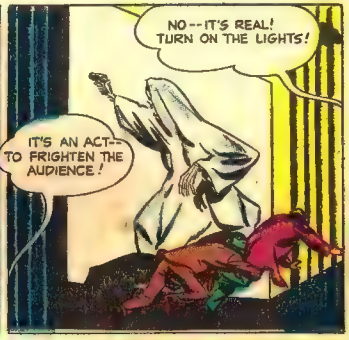

EDWARD WHIPPLE IS THE NAME..
GOOD! YOU'RE JUST THE TYPE. BE IN FRONT OF THE THEATER TOMORROW BEFORE MIDNIGHT. YOU'LL BE ALONE ...EMPTY THEATER... EVEN THE PROJECTOR WILL BE RUN AUTOMATICALLY.
MANAGER

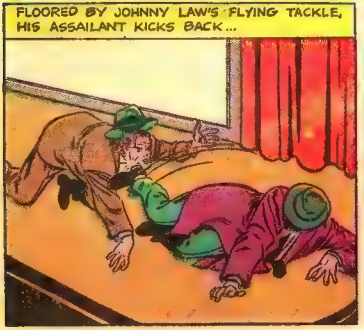
WHEN THE PICTURE FINISHES, YOU'LL RECEIVE THE AWARD OUTSIDE THE THEATER. OUR PUBLICITY MAN HAS ASKED THE REPORTERS DOWN, AND YOU'RE TO SAY A FEW WORDS ABOUT OUR NEW HORROR THRILLER.
THAT'S ALL, WHIPPLE. SEE YOU TOMORROW NIGHT. AND I HOPE YOU'VE GOT A GOOD HEART. HA-HA!
OH-THAT HORROR STUFF DOESN'T SCARE ME.
NEXT NIGHT...
IS THIS WHIPPLE BIRD COMING OUT OR NOT? THE PICTURE SHOULD'VE ENDED TEN MINUTES AGO.
MAYBE THE "GRISLY GHOST" GOT HIM
PERHAPS HE FELL ASLEEP. TED, BETTER RUN INSIDE AND SEE WHAT'S KEEPING HIM.
CENTUR
HEY-MR. WHIPPLE-WAKE UP!
HOLY SMOKE! HE-HE'S DEAD!!
SHORTLY AFTER...
I'M JOHNNY LAW FROM HEADQUARTERS. DO YOU KNOW IF WHIPPLE HAS ANY FOLKS TO BE NOTIFIED?
I CAN TELL YOU THAT, MISTER.
WHIPPLE CAME HERE OFTEN, AND I'D ALWAYS FIND HIM A GOOD SEAT. GAVE ME A NICE TIP TOO. ONE TIME HE TOLD ME HIS ONLY RELATIVE WAS HIS COUSIN, HENRY WHIPPLE, THE EXPLORER.
OKAY. THANKS, KID.

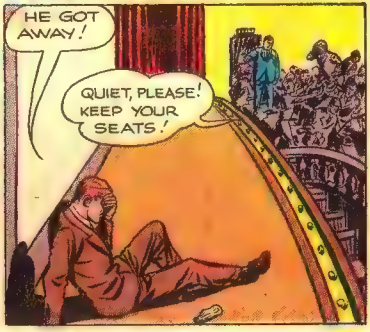
WHAT WAS IT, DOC?
HEART-FAILURE! SAY, THAT MUST BE SOME MOVIE-SCARING THE LIFE OUT OF A CHAP THAT WAY!
MANAGER
AND HOW LONG DO YOU FIGURE HE'S BEEN DEAD, DOC?
WHIPPLE MUST HAVE KICKED OFF IN THE EARLY PART OF THE PICTURE. HE'S CERTAINLY BEEN DEAD AT LEAST AN HOUR — MAYBE MORE.
COMING MY WAY?
NO. GOING TO BREAK THE NEWS TO HIS COUSIN. I READ THAT HE GOT BACK FROM EXPLORING THE ORINOCO ONLY THIS MORNING.
TWENTY MINUTES LATER, IN A DOWNTOWN HOTEL ROOM...
POOR EDWARD. WITH HIS BAD HEART, I'M SURPRISED HE TRIED IT. HE CERTAINLY DIDN'T NEED THE MONEY. HOW'D YOU KNOW WE WERE RELATED?
THE HEAD USHER TOLD ME.
THE USHER KNEW HIM AS A FREQUENT PATRON... USED TO FIND SEATS FOR HIM. CAN YOU COME DOWN AND IDENTIFY YOUR COUSIN?
YES — I'LL BE THERE IN THE MORNING.
HEADQUARTERS, THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON...
CALL FOR YOU, JOHNNY.
"SOME MOVIE" IS RIGHT. I'LL HAVE TO SEE IT MYSELF.
DAILY HERALD
CINEMA THRILLER FRIGHTENS LONE SPECTATOR TO DEATH!
PUBLICITY STUNT VOLUNTEER SUFFERS FATAL HEART ATTACK
... AND I JUST REALIZED THERE'S SUMP'N VERY SUSPICIOUS ABOUT WHIPPLE'S DEATH LAST NIGHT. I'M ON DUTY NOW, MR. LAW. WHEN CAN I SEE YOU?
I'LL BE DOWN TO SEE YOU, KID. THANKS FOR CALLING.
3

A PROWL CAR RACES THROUGH CITY STREETS, AND TEN MINUTES LATER...
WHERE CAN I FIND THE HEAD USHER?
WHAT'S THIS—VISITOR'S DAY? ANOTHER GUY WAS ASKING FOR HIM JUST A MINUTE AGO. TOP OF THE MEZZANINE STAIRS—
GREAT SCOTT! THE USHER!
UGH-- GASP—
AAGH!
BANG
STOP! OR IT WON'T BE YOUR HAND THAT'LL GET THE NEXT BULLET!
GO AHEAD—SHOOT!
E-EEEK!
HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU!
OOPS!

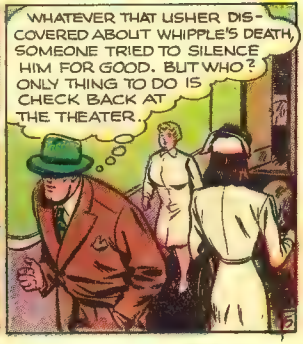

HEY— WHAT'S WRONG?
WHERE'S THAT GUY GOING?
A PERFECT TARGET, BUT I CAN'T FIRE A SHOT WITHOUT RISKING A PANIC.


NO--IT'S REAL! TURN ON THE LIGHTS!
IT'S AN ACT-- TO FRIGHTEN THE AUDIENCE!


FLOORED BY JOHNNY LAW'S FLYING TACKLE, HIS ASSAILANT KICKS BACK...


HE GOT AWAY!
QUIET, PLEASE! KEEP YOUR SEATS!

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, IN A NEARBY HOSPITAL...
YOUR SHOT UNDOUBTEDLY DEFLECTED THE KNIFE FROM HIS HEART. HE'LL PULL THROUGH, BUT THE DELIRIUM MAY CONTINUE AS LONG AS FORTY-EIGHT HOURS.
IF I ONLY KNEW WHAT THE USHER WANTED TO TELL ME.


WHATEVER THAT USHER DISCOVERED ABOUT WHIPPLE'S DEATH, SOMEONE TRIED TO SILENCE HIM FOR GOOD. BUT WHO? ONLY THING TO DO IS CHECK BACK AT THE THEATER.

LATER, IN THE THEATER MANAGER'S OFFICE...
SO YOU WANT TO SEE THAT MOVIE FROM THE SAME SEAT WHIPPLE HAD. OKAY. FEATURE STARTS IN FIVE MINUTES.
SAY—WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HAND?
OH, A PACK OF MATCHES CAUGHT FIRE ON ME. NOTHING SERIOUS. WELL—HERE'S TO GOOD SLEUTHING.
HMM...I WONDER...
FUNNY—THE FRIGHTENING PART OF THE FILM DOESN'T BEGIN UNTIL THE SECOND HALF. YET THE DOC SAID WHIPPLE WAS DEAD BEFORE THAT. WHAT CAUSED HIS DEATH, THEN, IF IT WASN'T FRIGHT?
COME ON, MANDY—I CAN'T SEE A THING THIS FAR BACK. LET'S FIND SOME SEATS FURTHER FRONT.
HUH?
THE CLUE I WAS LOOKING FOR! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE FAST!
HEY! GET OFF MY FEET!
SHORTLY AFTER, BACK AT HEADQUARTERS..
DOC, WHEN YOU DIAGNOSED WHIPPLE'S DEATH AS DUE TO HEART FAILURE, WE HAD NO SUSPICION OF FOUL PLAY. BUT ARE THERE ANY POISONS THAT MIGHT PRODUCE SYMPTOMS SIMILAR TO HEART FAILURE?
CORONER
WHY, YES...
FOR EXAMPLE, THERE'S CURARE, WHICH ACTS ON THE MOTOR NERVES TO INDUCE A TOTAL RELAXING PARALYSIS OF THE HEART.
ONE MORE QUESTION. COULD WHIPPLE HAVE BEEN DEAD *MORE* THAN ONE HOUR BEFORE YOU SAW HIM.

YES. DEATH MAY HAVE OCCURRED AS MUCH AS THREE HOURS BEFORE MY EXAMINATION.
THANKS-YOU MAY HAVE SOLVED A MURDER! I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE!
A HALF HOUR LATER...
OPEN UP, WHIPPLE!
THE DOOR'S OPEN.. COME IN!
HOW ARE YOU, WHIPPLE? SAY-WHAT'S THE MATTER? DON'T YOU SHAKE HANDS?
ER-I-AH-WELL...
ANOTHER BANDAGED HAND! I SUPPOSE A PACK OF MATCHES CAUGHT FIRE ON YOU, TOO! OR WAS IT MY BULLET?
SO I DIDN'T GET THAT LISHER AFTER ALL! HE TALKED! ALL RIGHT, HERE'S A SURPRISE!
YOU WON'T FIND ME LIKE THE LOCAL HOODLUMS YOU'RE SO USED TO PUSHING AROUND!

MAYBE NOT—BUT I CAN TRY, CAN'T I?
YOU'RE NOT TAKING ME, FLATFOOT!
I AM TAKING YOU, WHIPPLE, AND HERE'S THE PROOF!
LATE AFTERNOON, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
HOW DID YOU SOLVE IT, JOHNNY?
BY BEING SUDDENLY REMINDED OF THE VICTIM'S THICK-LENSED GLASSES. A HALF-BLIND GUY WOULD NEVER SIT SO FAR BACK. AND WHEN I LEARNED DEATH COULD HAVE OCCURRED BEFORE THE MOVIE WAS SHOWN...
... I GUESSED HE'D BEEN PLANTED THERE! BESIDES, THE ORINOCO INDIANS COMMONLY USE CURARE AND HENRY WHIPPLE HAD JUST RETURNED FROM THAT REGION, SO HE WAS MY LOGICAL SUSPECT. THE DETAILS ARE HERE IN HIS CONFESSION.
Needing money and being my cousin's heir, I disguised myself as Edward, and after being chosen to view "THE GRISLY GHOST," I poisoned him. Appearing as Edward for the showing, I ejected a dummy, took Edward's body from my car in the alley, left it in a seat and departed. I realized later that Edward couldn't see from the rear, and learning that an usher knew Edward, I tried killing him, lest he remember that fact.
Henry Whipple
A FINE JOB O' WORK, JOHNNY. BUT SAY—WHERE YOU RUNNING G OFF TO?
BACK TO SEE THE REST OF THAT MOVIE, OF COURSE!
THE END

HEADLINE HEROES

FLOYD PHILLIPS GIBBONS--RADIO COMMENTATOR AND FAMED WAR CORRESPONDENT--BROADCAST THE NEWS AT A 217 WORDS-PER-MINUTE CLIP!

IN 1915, AS CORRESPONDENT FOR THE CHICAGO *TRIBUNE*, HE WAS WITH VILLA IN THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION. LATER, HE ACCOMPANIED GENERAL PERSHING ON HIS EXPEDITION INTO MEXICO, AS A CORRESPONDENT ACCREDITED BY THE U.S. WAR DEPARTMENT.

SERVING AS LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR THE CHICAGO *TRIBUNE*, HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO FRANCE ON THE *LACONIA* WHEN IT WAS TORPEDOED, COSTING THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS OF AMERICANS. GIBBONS SURVIVED THE DISASTER AND WROTE A MEMORABLE ACCOUNT OF THE TRAGEDY AT SEA.

WHILE COVERING THE WAR FRONT IN FRANCE IN 1918, GIBBONS LOST HIS LEFT EYE AT THE BATTLE OF CHATEAU-THIERRY. FOR BRAVERY HE WAS AWARDED THE *CROIX DE GUERRE* WITH PALM.

AFTER HIS INJURY HE WAS PUT IN CHARGE OF THE FOREIGN BUREAU OF THE CHICAGO *TRIBUNE*. ALWAYS RESTLESS AND LOOKING FOR THRILLS, HE COVERED THE CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN, ITALIAN WAR IN ETHIOPIA, AND COUNTLESS OTHER HISTORIC EVENTS.

SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH IN 1939, HE HAD PLANNED TO COVER WORLD WAR II IN EUROPE.

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BE SURE TO GET ISSUE #6 *RIGHT NOW!*

STORIES THAT STIR THE IMAGINATION ... THAT LEAD YOU ON PERILOUS JOURNEYS THROUGH OUTER SPACE ... THAT HURL THE SPINE-TINGLING CHALLENGE:

"YOU ONLY THINK THEY COULDN'T HAPPEN!"

The BLACK TOOTHPICK

"AND you couldn't find any clues but this, Marty?" demanded Chief Homicide Inspector Bailey crossly. "What makes you think that's a clue?"

"Well, I've got no Ouija Board, Inspector," responded Detective Martin Matwell with aggressive cheerfulness, "so call it a hunch. You'll admit it's a queer thing to find in a murdered man's apartment, won't you?"

"It's a queer thing to find anywhere but that doesn't make it a clue!"

The object of the attention of both public servants was lying on the blotter of Inspector Bailey's broad desk. It was an ordinary wooden toothpick—ordinary in every way except that it was solid black in color. The ebony sliver looked like it might have been dropped into an ink bottle, but no ink would have made it so utterly and completely black.

"You know," remarked Matwell musingly, "I took the trouble of checking with some toothpick firms. No one I spoke to ever heard of a toothpick in sepia—at least, not a wooden toothpick. They told me, in effect, that there ain't no such animal."

Bailey growled incredulously. "Maybe someone painted it black."

"Uh-uh," said Matwell. "There's no paint on it. No paint at all. Besides, Chief, that would be a hobby to end all hobbies, wouldn't it? I mean painting toothpicks."

He picked up his little find and twirled it contemplatively between thumb and forefinger. That morning Detective Matwell had come across the strange pick on the rug in the apartment of J. Harry Phillips, a theatrical producer, not far from the dead body of the same name. It had intrigued him then, and it intrigued him now, especially as he had found scarcely anything else in the apartment to intrigue him.

But Chief Bailey was not one to encourage the contemplative frame of mind in his subordinates. "Listen, you souvenir-hunter," bellowed the older man. "I'm not here to admire the curiosities you bring in. I want *action!* Cunningham is bringing in Frank Lazar, the night club owner. We got a tip that Phillips was sweet on Lazar's girl friend and that Lazar got wise. Now, maybe he killed Phillips. He had the motive. But he's also got an alibi. If his alibi is cooked up—we need evidence against him! And by evidence, Matwell, I don't mean TOOTHPICKS—of any color! Now get going!"

Detective Matwell got. But before he left the Chief's office he very carefully slipped the black toothpick into an envelope and folded it into his pocket.

The day went by, during which Marty Matwell did this and that, and neither this nor that would have been approved by Chief Bailey, because it involved nothing less than the black toothpick. It wasn't that

young Detective Matwell was particularly stubborn or pig-headed; but he was given to mysterious spurts of intuition. And his intuition told him that the Phillips case would be broken or not, depending on whether he solved the puzzle of that tiny piece of black wood!

He returned to Bailey's office about five. Frank Lazar was being questioned by Detective Cunningham and others in an adjoining room. Bailey's head shot up when Matwell came in.

"You get anything on Lazar?"

"Nothing."

"Well, go in with the others and see if you can't trip him up. He's guilty all right, I'll bet my pension on it. But we can't even begin to prove it so far."

Matwell went into the next room. Frank Lazar, dark-complexioned and beady-eyed, with a steely composure, was sitting under a 500-watt bulb without noticeable discomfiture, facing a small battery of police inquisitors. Matwell nodded to him and Lazar said hello, in a dry, clipped voice. The two knew each other slightly from contacts at Lazar's club where Matwell occasionally went.

"Marty," said Lazar to him, "tell your boy friends to stop wasting their time, will you? I didn't kill Phillips. They're barking up the wrong tree."

"If you're not guilty, Lazar," said the young detective as he took a seat, "you've got nothing to fear and you'll be out of here soon enough. So relax."

"Just trying to be helpful," smiled Lazar confidently. "You fellows can't pin this rap on me if I sat here a hundred years!"

And the prosperous, ebony-eyed night club owner seemed almost prepared for such a siege. A trace of contempt curled around his thin lips as he faced his baffled questioners. It was clear that the police were getting nowhere at a rapid rate with Lazar.

Matwell stared curiously at the man who was probably guilty of murder. Lazar was going to be an awful tough nut to crack! From the crown of his pomaded head to his gleaming shoe tips, he radiated confidence. Matwell's eye travelled over a polka-dot bow-tie, down past a neat and spotless black suit . . . *a black suit* . . . Suddenly Marty felt a surge of intuition in him that was like a physical thrill. He rose, and careful to keep his voice expressionless, said: "Since when did you start wearing black, Lazar? It isn't mourning for Phillips, is it?"

Lazar shot him a suspicious glance but saw no reason not to tell the truth in Matwell's guileless gaze—no reason, that is, not to sign his own death warrant by his answer: "This suit, Marty? Why, it's the one a waiter spilled wine on last month. I had it dyed because it was my favorite suit and black was the only color that would take."

Marty grinned. "Book him, boys," he said simply. "Book him because he's a gone goose!" And he watched as the others took the surprised and snarling club owner away.

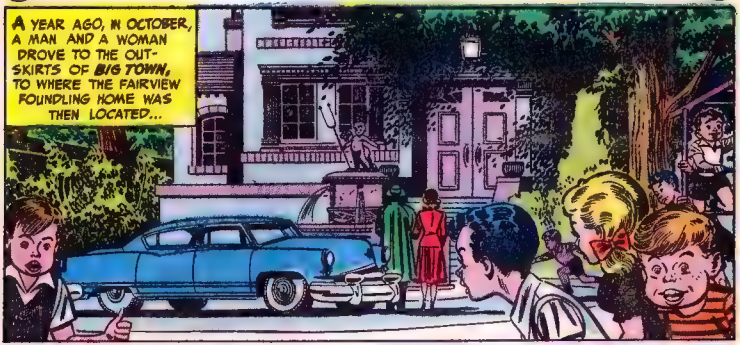
That night Chief Bailey said wonderingly: "Marty, you were right! The dye on Lazar's suit and the dye on that blinking toothpick of yours are identical! Our analyst says so."

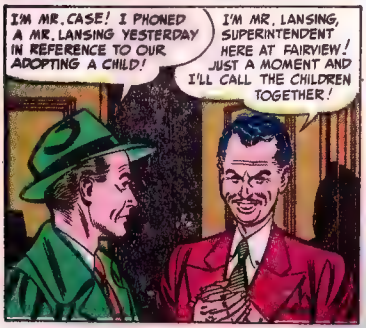
"Yep," said Matwell. "The way I piece it together, Chief, Lazar dropped the toothpick on Phillips' rug when he pulled his gun out of his pocket and shot the producer. The toothpick must have gone to the dyer's inside the suit pocket without Lazar ever noticing it, stuck in the edge of the lining, maybe. And the rug was dark so he never knew he dropped it!"

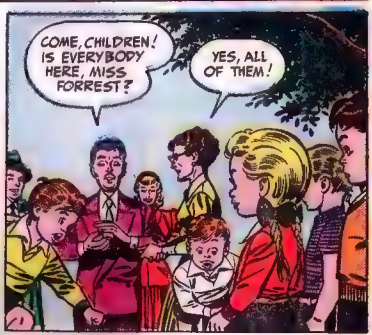
"But how did *you* know it was dye on that toothpick?" queried the Chief suddenly. "I thought we were both stymied on what it made it black?"

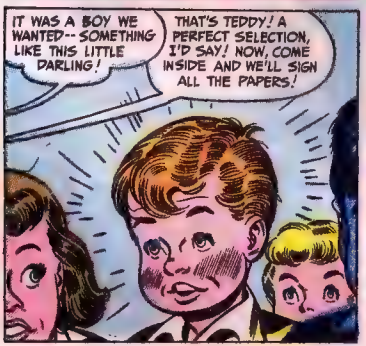
"Oh, that," smiled Marty with unabashed cheerfulness. "That happens to be how I spent the afternoon, Chief—getting that toothpick analyzed chemically!"

BIG TOWN
CRIME SPRINGS FROM TWISTED MINDS -- AND THE MORE TWISTED THE MIND, THE MORE TERRIBLE THE CRIME! AS EDITOR OF BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS, STEVE WILSON HAS BECOME AWARE OF EVERY TYPE OF CRIMINAL -- FROM PETTY THIEF TO KILLER! BUT EVEN THE FIGHTING EDITOR WAS IN FOR A SHOCKING SURPRISE WHEN HE TACKLED THE MOST RUTHLESS CRIMINALS IN THE ANNALS OF BIG TOWN -- CROOKS WHO PREYED ON THE LOVE OF PARENT AND CHILD -- AND MADE SENSATIONAL HEADLINES IN THE CASE OF...
"The CRUELEST RACKET IN THE WORLD!"


A YEAR AGO, IN OCTOBER, A MAN AND A WOMAN DROVE TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF BIG TOWN, TO WHERE THE FAIRVIEW FOUNDLING HOME WAS THEN LOCATED...


I'M MR. CASE! I PHONED A MR. LANSING YESTERDAY IN REFERENCE TO OUR ADOPTING A CHILD!
I'M MR. LANSING, SUPERINTENDENT HERE AT FAIRVIEW! JUST A MOMENT AND I'LL CALL THE CHILDREN TOGETHER!


COME, CHILDREN! IS EVERYBODY HERE, MISS FORREST?
YES, ALL OF THEM!


IT WAS A BOY WE WANTED-- SOMETHING LIKE THIS LITTLE DARLING!
THAT'S TEDDY! A PERFECT SELECTION, I'D SAY! NOW, COME INSIDE AND WE'LL SIGN ALL THE PAPERS!

THEY WENT INTO AN OFFICE WHERE LANSING PRODUCED SEVERAL DOCUMENTS...
THERE- THAT MAKES IT LEGAL! THE BOY IS YOURS! ER... THAT'LL BE $50! THE MONEY'S FOR INCIDENTAL EXPENSES AND AS A DONATION TO OUR HOME! ALL RIGHT?
SURE! I'LL GLADLY PAY IT!

ALL DURING THAT YEAR, MANY CHILDLESS PARENTS VISITED FAIRVIEW TO ADOPT ORPHANED TOTS...

EVERYTHING'S IN ORDER NOW!

THIS HAS MADE US A HAPPY COUPLE, MR. LANSING! WE'VE ALWAYS WANTED A LITTLE GIRL!

AND ON EACH OCCASION--AS POLICE RECORDS NOW SHOW--LANSING WOULD LATER GO INTO A BACK ROOM, WHERE...

WELL--THIS WILL PROVE TO BE A VERY PROFITABLE SEASON! FIFTEEN ADOPTIONS IN THE PAST TWO MONTHS!

YEAH--***THE SAPS!*** IF THEY KNEW WHAT WAS COMING NEXT THEY WOULDN'T BE SO HAPPY!

HERE, LOU--A LIST OF NAMES OF THOSE WHO HAVE HAD THEIR CHILDREN FOR BETTER THAN A MONTH! THEY SHOULD BE WELL ATTACHED TO THEM BY NOW! GO OUT AND GIVE THEM THE USUAL WORKS!

SURE, BOSS! IT'S A PLEASURE... WHEN YOU'RE DEALING WITH DOUGH! HA, HA!

LANSING'S TWO MEN THEN WENT TO THE HOMES OF VARIOUS FOSTER PARENTS, AND...

DUE TO A TECHNICAL ERROR IN YOUR APPLICATION FORM, MR. ADDISON, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE HAD THE CHILD AT ALL! I'M SORRY, BUT WE MUST TAKE HER BACK... AND THERE'S NO GUARANTEE THAT SHE WON'T BE ADOPTED BY SOMEONE ELSE WHILE YOU FILL OUT NEW PAPERS!

WE CAN'T LET HER GO NOW! WE LOVE HER!

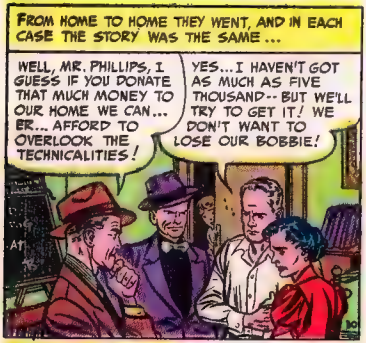
ISN'T THERE ***ANYTHING*** WE CAN DO? I HAVEN'T GOT MUCH MONEY--BUT WITH MY SAVINGS AND WHAT I CAN SCRAPE UP, MAYBE I CAN RAISE FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS! WOULD THAT HELP?

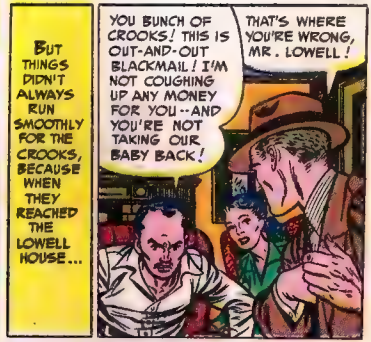
WELL--THE FOUNDLING HOME CAN ALWAYS USE DONATIONS... AND, ER, MAYBE IN YOUR CASE WE'LL OVERLOOK CERTAIN TECHNICALITIES!

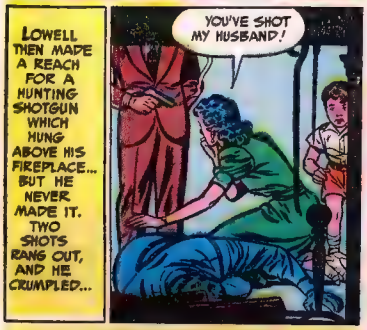
I'LL HAVE THE MONEY FOR YOU AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

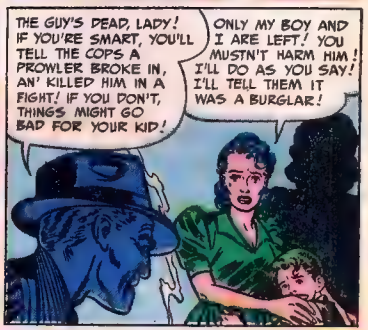
FINE! BUT DON'T LET THIS GET AROUND! THE POLICE, FOR EXAMPLE, MIGHT INTERFERE AND RETURN THE CHILD TO US ANYWAY!

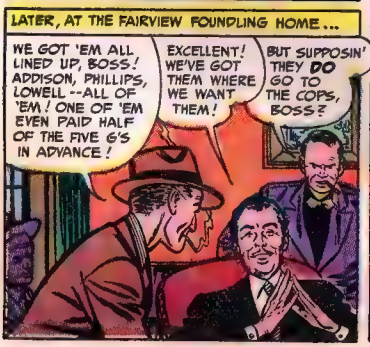
OH, DON'T WORRY! WE WON'T TELL A SOUL!

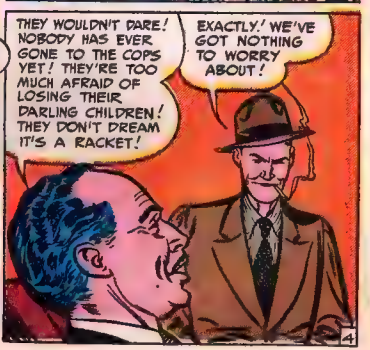

FROM HOME TO HOME THEY WENT, AND IN EACH CASE THE STORY WAS THE SAME...
WELL, MR. PHILLIPS, I GUESS IF YOU DONATE THAT MUCH MONEY TO OUR HOME WE CAN... ER... AFFORD TO OVERLOOK THE TECHNICALITIES!
YES... I HAVEN'T GOT AS MUCH AS FIVE THOUSAND-- BUT WE'LL TRY TO GET IT! WE DON'T WANT TO LOSE OUR BOBBIE!


BUT THINGS DIDN'T ALWAYS RUN SMOOTHLY FOR THE CROOKS, BECAUSE WHEN THEY REACHED THE LOWELL HOUSE...
YOU BUNCH OF CROOKS! THIS IS OUT-AND-OUT BLACKMAIL! I'M NOT COUGHING UP ANY MONEY FOR YOU--AND YOU'RE NOT TAKING OUR BABY BACK!
THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, MR. LOWELL!

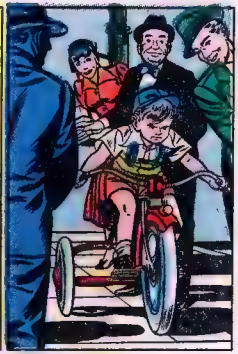

LOWELL THEN MADE A REACH FOR A HUNTING SHOTGUN WHICH HUNG ABOVE HIS FIREPLACE... BUT HE NEVER MADE IT. TWO SHOTS RANG OUT, AND HE CRUMPLED...
YOU'VE SHOT MY HUSBAND!


THE GUY'S DEAD, LADY! IF YOU'RE SMART, YOU'LL TELL THE COPS A PROWLER BROKE IN, AN' KILLED HIM IN A FIGHT! IF YOU DON'T, THINGS MIGHT GO BAD FOR YOUR KID!
ONLY MY BOY AND I ARE LEFT! YOU MUSTN'T HARM HIM! I'LL DO AS YOU SAY! I'LL TELL THEM IT WAS A BURGLAR!


LATER, AT THE FAIRVIEW FOUNDLING HOME...
WE GOT 'EM ALL LINED UP, BOSS! ADDISON, PHILLIPS, LOWELL --ALL OF 'EM! ONE OF 'EM EVEN PAID HALF OF THE FIVE G'S IN ADVANCE!
EXCELLENT! WE'VE GOT THEM WHERE WE WANT THEM!
BUT SUPPOSIN' THEY DO GO TO THE COPS, BOSS?


THEY WOULDN'T DARE! NOBODY HAS EVER GONE TO THE COPS YET! THEY'RE TOO MUCH AFRAID OF LOSING THEIR DARLING CHILDREN! THEY DON'T DREAM IT'S A RACKET!
EXACTLY! WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!
4

BUT THERE WAS ONE THING LANSING AND HIS COHORTS NEVER COUNTED ON... A LITTLE BOY, BOBBIE PHILLIPS, GOT ON HIS SMALL TRICYCLE AND PEDALLED UP THE STREETS OF *BIG TOWN*...



MEANWHILE, AT THE EDITORIAL OFFICES OF THE *ILLUSTRATED PRESS*...

STEVE!

LORELEI! IT'S GREAT TO SEE YOU! I NEVER THOUGHT AN ASSISTANT COULD BE MISSED SO SORELY UNTIL YOU WENT ON YOUR VACATION!

AND THAT *TAN*! YOU MUST'VE SPENT THE ENTIRE MONTH AT THE BEACH!

I DID, PRACTICALLY! OW! BUT HOW IT BURNED AT FIRST!

YOU'VE GOT A VISITOR, STEVE! HE WAS TALKING TO THE BOYS IN THE CITY ROOM, BUT WE THOUGHT *YOU* OUGHT TO SEE HIM!

WELL! AND WHO DO WE HAVE HERE?

HELLO, SIR! MY NAME IS BOBBIE PHILLIPS. I WANT TO SELL NEWSPAPERS AND EARN $5,000!

THAT'S A LOT OF PAPERS FOR ANY MAN TO SELL, BOBBIE! AND WHAT ON EARTH WOULD *YOU* DO WITH FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS?

MY MOMMY AND DADDY NEED IT! IF THEY DON'T GET IT I'LL BE SENT BACK TO THE HOME! I HEARD THE MEN SAY SO!

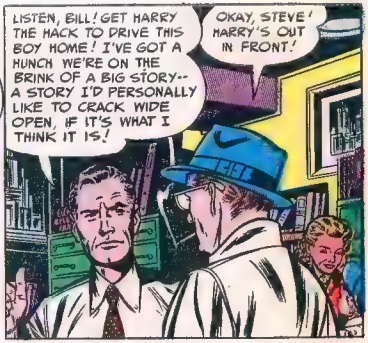
WHAT?

NOW WAIT A MINUTE! LET'S HAVE THAT OVER AGAIN! *WHAT* MEN ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

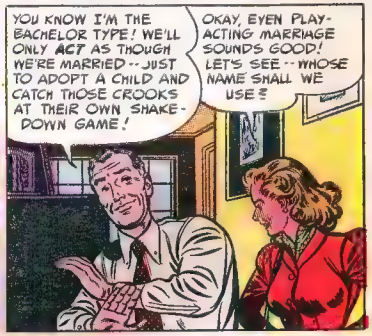
THE TWO BAD MEN WHO CAME TO OUR HOUSE! I HEARD THEM TELL MOMMY AND DADDY TO GET $5,000, OR THEY'D SEND ME TO THE HOME AGAIN!

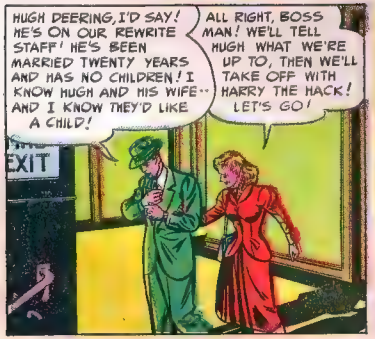
HE MUST MEAN THE FAIRVIEW FOUNDLING HOME, STEVE!

FAIRVIEW IS THE ONLY FOUNDLING HOME NEAR BIG TOWN! WOULD THEY HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE MEN ASKING BOBBIE'S FOSTER PARENTS FOR MONEY?
FROM WHAT THE BOY SAYS, LORELEI, IT SOUNDS LIKE A SHAKE-DOWN! BUT I'VE NEVER HEARD OF BAD REPORTS ABOUT FAIRVIEW! THEIR NOSE IS CLEAN SO FAR AS I KNOW!

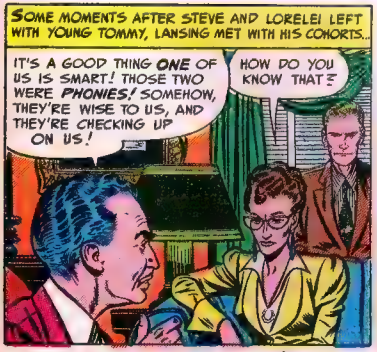

LISTEN, BILL! GET HARRY THE HACK TO DRIVE THIS BOY HOME! I'VE GOT A HUNCH WE'RE ON THE BRINK OF A BIG STORY-- A STORY I'D PERSONALLY LIKE TO CRACK WIDE OPEN, IF IT'S WHAT I THINK IT IS!
OKAY, STEVE! HARRY'S OUT IN FRONT!

NOW, MY BEAUTIFUL GIRL FRIDAY - HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GET MARRIED... TO ME...
STEVE! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! CATCH ME, SOMEBODY-- BEFORE I FAINT!

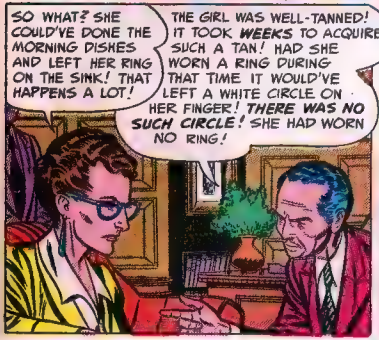

YOU KNOW I'M THE BACHELOR TYPE! WE'LL ONLY ACT AS THOUGH WE'RE MARRIED -- JUST TO ADOPT A CHILD AND CATCH THOSE CROOKS AT THEIR OWN SHAKE-DOWN GAME!
OKAY, EVEN PLAY-ACTING MARRIAGE SOUNDS GOOD! LET'S SEE -- WHOSE NAME SHALL WE USE?

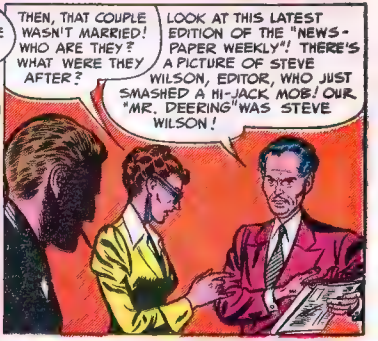

HUGH PEERING, I'D SAY! HE'S ON OUR REWRITE STAFF! HE'S BEEN MARRIED TWENTY YEARS AND HAS NO CHILDREN! I KNOW HUGH AND HIS WIFE-- AND I KNOW THEY'D LIKE A CHILD!
ALL RIGHT, BOSS MAN! WE'LL TELL HUGH WHAT WE'RE UP TO, THEN WE'LL TAKE OFF WITH HARRY THE HACK! LET'S GO!
EXIT

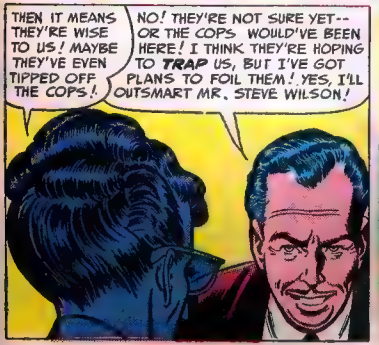
NEARLY AN HOUR LATER, MR AND MRS. HUGH PEERING" ARRIVED AT FAIRVIEW FOUNDLING HOME, WHERE THEY SELECTED A CHILD OF THEIR CHOICE...

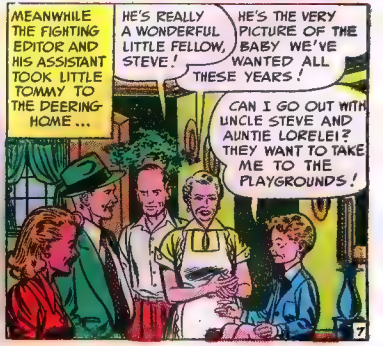

SOME MOMENTS AFTER STEVE AND LORELEI LEFT WITH YOUNG TOMMY, LANSING MET WITH HIS COHORTS...
IT'S A GOOD THING ONE OF US IS SMART! THOSE TWO WERE PHONIES! SOMEHOW, THEY'RE WISE TO US, AND THEY'RE CHECKING UP ON US!
HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?

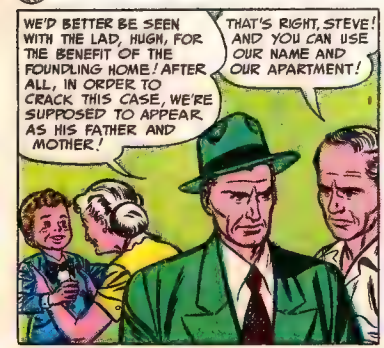
WHEN THEY SAID GOOD-BYE, I NOTICED THAT "MRS. DEERING" DIDN'T WEAR A WEDDING RING! THAT'S THE FIRST CLUE THAT TIPPED ME OFF!

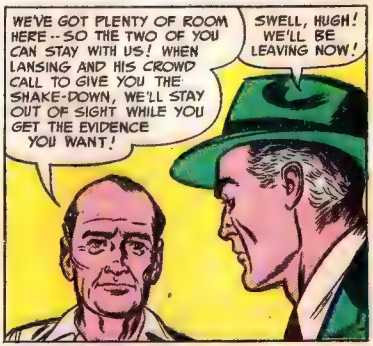

SO WHAT? SHE COULD'VE DONE THE MORNING DISHES AND LEFT HER RING ON THE SINK! THAT HAPPENS A LOT!
THE GIRL WAS WELL-TANNED! IT TOOK WEEKS TO ACQUIRE SUCH A TAN! HAD SHE WORN A RING DURING THAT TIME IT WOULD'VE LEFT A WHITE CIRCLE ON HER FINGER! THERE WAS NO SUCH CIRCLE! SHE HAD WORN NO RING!

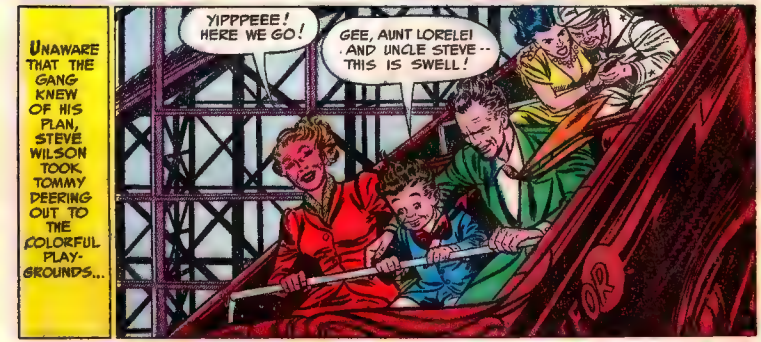

THEN, THAT COUPLE WASN'T MARRIED! WHO ARE THEY? WHAT WERE THEY AFTER?
LOOK AT THIS LATEST EDITION OF THE "NEWS-PAPER WEEKLY"! THERE'S A PICTURE OF STEVE WILSON, EDITOR, WHO JUST SMASHED A HI-JACK MOB! OUR "MR. DEERING" WAS STEVE WILSON!


THEN IT MEANS THEY'RE WISE TO US! MAYBE THEY'VE EVEN TIPPED OFF THE COPS!
NO! THEY'RE NOT SURE YET-- OR THE COPS WOULD'VE BEEN HERE! I THINK THEY'RE HOPING TO TRAP US, BUT I'VE GOT PLANS TO FOIL THEM! YES, I'LL OUTSMART MR. STEVE WILSON!

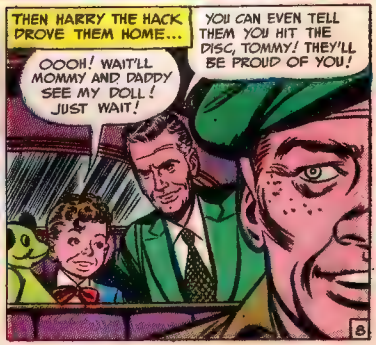

MEANWHILE THE FIGHTING EDITOR AND HIS ASSISTANT TOOK LITTLE TOMMY TO THE DEERING HOME...
HE'S REALLY A WONDERFUL LITTLE FELLOW, STEVE!
HE'S THE VERY PICTURE OF THE BABY WE'VE WANTED ALL THESE YEARS!
CAN I GO OUT WITH UNCLE STEVE AND AUNTIE LORELEI? THEY WANT TO TAKE ME TO THE PLAYGROUNDS!


WE'D BETTER BE SEEN WITH THE LAD, HUGH, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FOUNDLING HOME! AFTER ALL, IN ORDER TO CRACK THIS CASE, WE'RE SUPPOSED TO APPEAR AS HIS FATHER AND MOTHER!
THAT'S RIGHT, STEVE! AND YOU CAN USE OUR NAME AND OUR APARTMENT!

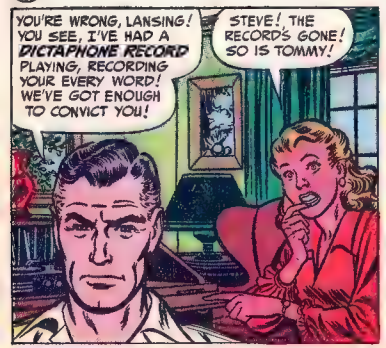

WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF ROOM HERE--SO THE TWO OF YOU CAN STAY WITH US! WHEN LANSING AND HIS CROWD CALL TO GIVE YOU THE SHAKE-DOWN, WE'LL STAY OUT OF SIGHT WHILE YOU GET THE EVIDENCE YOU WANT!
SWELL, HUGH! WE'LL BE LEAVING NOW!

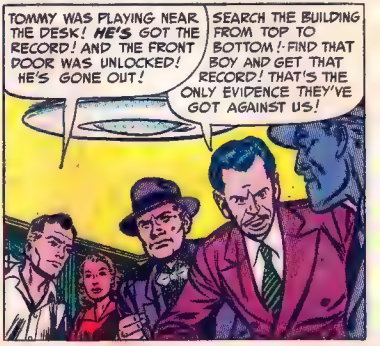

UNAWARE THAT THE GANG KNEW OF HIS PLAN, STEVE WILSON TOOK TOMMY DEERING OUT TO THE COLORFUL PLAY-GROUNDS...
YIPPPEEE! HERE WE GO!
GEE, AUNT LORELEI AND UNCLE STEVE--THIS IS SWELL!

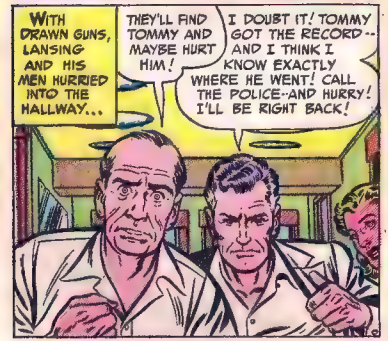
NEXT, THEY ATE COTTON CANDY AND PEANUTS AND WALKED ALONG THE GAY MIDWAY...
HIT THE DISC AND WIN A DOLL! IT'S EASY, FOLKS! JUST HIT THE DISC AND WIN A DOLL! STEP RIGHT UP!
THEY HAVE SUCH PRETTY DOLLS, UNCLE STEVE!
ALL RIGHT, TOMMY! I'LL JUST BUY ONE! THAT'LL SAVE TIME!


THEN HARRY THE HACK DROVE THEM HOME...
OOOH! WAIT'LL MOMMY AND DADDY SEE MY DOLL! JUST WAIT!
YOU CAN EVEN TELL THEM YOU HIT THE DISC, TOMMY! THEY'LL BE PROUD OF YOU!

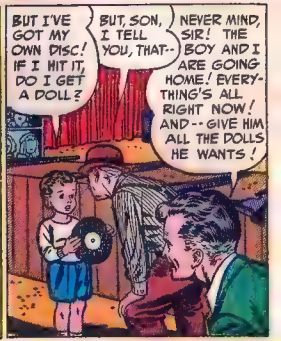
AT TREMONT AVENUE THEY LEFT HARRY AND STARTED WALKING...
LOOK! MORE DISCS! MAYBE WE CAN GET MORE DOLLS!
IT'S TIME FOR YOUR SUPPER, YOUNG MAN! YOUR MOMMY AND DADDY ARE EXPECTING US SOON! WE'RE GOING STRAIGHT HOME!
LATER...
ASK THE DOORMAN WHO IT IS!
SOMEONE'S RINGING THE APARTMENT, STEVE!
BZZZZ
IT'S MR. LANSING, FROM THE FAIRVIEW FOUNDLING HOME.
ALL RIGHT! HAVE THEM COME UP!
I THINK THIS IS THE SHAKE-DOWN! I'VE GOT EVERYTHING SET! LEAVE TOMMY HERE AND WAIT IN THE BACK ROOMS!
OKAY, STEVE! I'LL LEAVE EVERYTHING UP TO YOU!
THEN LANSING AND HIS MEN WALKED IN...
THIS IS WHAT I'VE WAITED FOR...
I'LL GET TO THE POINT, MR. DEERING! DUE TO A TECHNICALITY IN YOUR PAPERS, THE BOY DOESN'T REALLY BELONG TO YOU! WE'LL HAVE TO RETURN HIM TO THE HOME!
WE CAN'T LET HIM GO NOW! WE LOVE THE CHILD! ISN'T THERE ANYTHING THAT CAN BE DONE?
NOTHING! IT'S A VERY UNFORTUNATE ERROR, BUT THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO EXCEPT RETURN THE CHILD!
NO, PLEASE!
LOOK! PERHAPS YOU COULD FORGET EVERYTHING FOR, SAY, A FEW THOUSAND DOLLARS! MAYBE FIVE--OR EVEN TEN!
IT WON'T WORK, MR. STEVE WILSON! WE KNEW YOU FROM THE START, AND KNEW YOU WERE WAITING TO CATCH US IN YOUR TRAP! BUT, IN YOUR CASE, WE'RE NOT TAKING THE MONEY! YOU'LL HAVE NOTHING TO GO ON... AND YOU'LL NEVER PROVE WE TOOK DOUGH FROM THE OTHER SAPS!

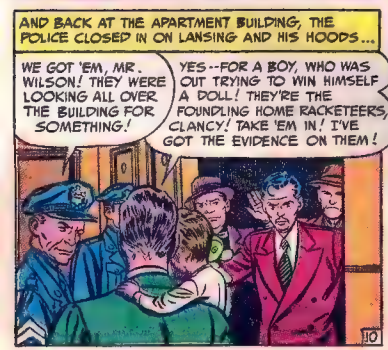

YOU'RE WRONG, LANSING! YOU SEE, I'VE HAD A DICTAPHONE RECORD PLAYING, RECORDING YOUR EVERY WORD! WE'VE GOT ENOUGH TO CONVICT YOU!
STEVE! THE RECORD'S GONE! SO IS TOMMY!


TOMMY WAS PLAYING NEAR THE DESK! HE'S GOT THE RECORD! AND THE FRONT DOOR WAS UNLOCKED! HE'S GONE OUT!
SEARCH THE BUILDING FROM TOP TO BOTTOM! FIND THAT BOY AND GET THAT RECORD! THAT'S THE ONLY EVIDENCE THEY'VE GOT AGAINST US!


WITH DRAWN GUNS, LANSING AND HIS MEN HURRIED INTO THE HALLWAY...
THEY'LL FIND TOMMY AND MAYBE HURT HIM!
I DOUBT IT! TOMMY GOT THE RECORD--AND I THINK I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE HE WENT! CALL THE POLICE--AND HURRY! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

WHEN LORELEI PHONED HEADQUARTERS, STEVE WILSON WENT OUT INTO THE STREETS, AND HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE PENNY ARCADE, WHERE...


BUT I'VE GOT MY OWN DISC! IF I HIT IT, DO I GET A DOLL?
BUT, SON, I TELL YOU, THAT--
NEVER MIND, SIR! THE BOY AND I ARE GOING HOME! EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT NOW! AND--GIVE HIM ALL THE DOLLS HE WANTS!


AND BACK AT THE APARTMENT BUILDING, THE POLICE CLOSED IN ON LANSING AND HIS HOODS...
WE GOT 'EM, MR. WILSON! THEY WERE LOOKING ALL OVER THE BUILDING FOR SOMETHING!
YES--FOR A BOY, WHO WAS OUT TRYING TO WIN HIMSELF A DOLL! THEY'RE THE FOUNDLING HOME RACKETEERS, CLANCY! TAKE 'EM IN! I'VE GOT THE EVIDENCE ON THEM!
10

AND ON THE FOLLOWING DAY, STEVE WILSON PUBLISHED THE MOST SATISFYING HEADLINES OF HIS CAREER!
FOUNDLING HOME RACKETEERS CONVICTED! WHAT HEADLINES! AND LIKE THE OTHER HOMES, THIS ONE SHALL RUN HONESTLY FROM NOW ON!
MAY I SEE THE COMICS, UNCLE STEVE?
YOU CERTAINLY MAY, TOMMY! AFTER ALL, YOU HELPED BREAK THE CASE... YOU AND YOUR DISCS AND DOLLS!
The End.

ONLY Rinso HAS SOLIUM TO MAKE YOUR WASH WHITER, BRIGHTER THAN NEW

Rinso WHITE
Rinso BRIGHT
YES IT'S TRUE! MY SHEETS ARE WHITER NOW THAN THE DAY I BOUGHT THEM
MOM SAYS MY COLORED DRESSES ARE BRIGHTER NOW THAN WHEN THEY CAME FROM THE STORE
RAINY WASHDAYS DON'T BOTHER ME... RINSO PUTS SUNSHINE IN MY WASH EVEN WHEN IT'S DRIED INDOORS

No other soap can get your clothes

so WHITE... so BRIGHT

because no other soap contains **SOLIUM**

IT'S A SCIENTIFIC FACT! Rinso with Solium gets clothes whiter *than new* — makes washable colors brighter *than new.* And even if you have to dry your clothes INDOORS, Rinso with Solium puts sunshine in your wash.

Yet for all the amazing hard work that Rinso suds do, they're safe for clothes, kind to hands, and fine for dishes. Use Rinso next washday.

Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

Rinso gets out more dirt
than any other type of washday product

Rinso with SOLIUM
the Scientific Sunlight Ingredient
puts sunshine in your wash
—even on rainy days

Your choice of Bride or Bridesmaid Doll. Movable eyes. Sell one order of Seeds.

Famous Chemcraft Set for interesting experiments, with Magic Book. Sell one order.

HIPPELAS!

A fast shooting 1000 shot Air Rifle. Sell one order plus $2.00.

GOLDEN TEXAN HOLSTER SET

Gold cap pistol puffs smoke. All leather holster and belt. Sell one order.

CINDERELLA WRIST WATCH

Comes packed in beautiful glass slipper. A dainty guaranteed watch for girls. Sell one order plus $3.00.

3-PIECE SOFTBALL SET

A real Softball set. Cap, Softball and bat. Sell only one order of American Seeds.

Pretty Dresser Set. Five full size pieces. Sell one order of American Seeds.

ROY ROGERS

3-POWER BINOCULARS Matched lenses. Special shoulder strap. Sell one order of American Seeds.

Full-size ball with steel goal and net. Sell one order of American Seeds plus $1.25.

DICK TRACY CAMERA

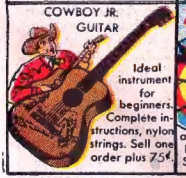
A fine camera complete with carrying case. Sell only one order of American Seeds.

FISHING TACKLE SET

Big 11-piece outfit. Sell one order plus 75¢ extra.

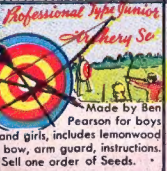
HOLLYWOOD ELECTRIC TOY TELEVISION SET

Films of Gene Autry, Hopalong Cassidy and Woody Woodpecker, included with each set. Sell one order plus $5.00.



COWBOY JR. GUITAR

Ideal instrument for beginners. Complete instructions, nylon strings. Sell one order plus 75¢.



Professional Type Junior Archery Set

Made by Ben Pearson for boys and girls, includes lemonwood bow, arm guard, instructions. Sell one order of Seeds.

A handsome guaranteed watch with cowboy strap & buckle. Picture of Roy Rogers on dial. Sell one order plus $1.75.

ROY ROGERS WRIST WATCH

Here's How— Do it Now!

Every year thousands of Boys and Girls get these swell prizes for themselves and gifts for Mother and Dad. Many prizes shown here and lots of others in our Big Prize Book are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling one 40-Pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10¢ per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in our Big Prize Book.

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly to your family, friends and neighbors and get your prize at once, or if you prefer, take your one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET BUSY, send coupon today for Big Prize Book and Seeds.

Send no money—we trust you

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC.
DEPT. 441, LANCASTER, PA.

MANY MORE PRIZES

See them in the Big Prize Book

Ukelele, Croquet Set, Overnight Case, Hunting Knife, Table Tennis, Jewelry, Baseball Gloves, Movie Projector, Roller Skates.

No goods sent outside U.S.A.

Our 33rd Year

AMERICAN SEED COMPANY, INC.
DEPT. 441, LANCASTER, PA.

Please send the BIG PRIZE BOOK and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10¢ each, send you the money promptly and get my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

R.F.D. Box or Street No. _____

City _____

State _____

BE A SUCCESS AS A RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIAN

TWO FREE BOOKS SHOW HOW MAIL COUPON

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You All Three

HURRY VETERANS

G. I. Bill gives you valuable training benefits. But time is running out. Act now to get N. R. I. training under G. I. Bill. Mail Coupon! Hurry!

I TRAINED THESE MEN

CHIEF ENGINEER, POLICE RADIO
"Soon after finishing the N.R.I. course, worked for servicing shop. Now I am Chief Engineer of two-way FM Police Radio installations."—S. W. DINWIDDIE, Jacksonville, Illinois.

SHOP SPECIALIZES IN TELEVISION
"Am authorized serviceman for 5 large manufacturers and do servicing for 7 dealers. N.R.I. has enabled me to build an enviable reputation in Television."—PAUL MILLER, Mequon, O.

$10 WEEK IN SPARE TIME
"Before finishing course, I earned as much as $10 a week in Radio servicing, at home in spare time. Recommend N.R.I. to everyone interested in Radio."—S. J. PETRUFF, Miami, Fla.

WORKS FOR TELEVISION DEALERS
"Am tied in with two Television outfits and do warranty work for dealers. Fall back to N.R.I. text books often for installing Television set."—ROBERT DOHMEN, New Prague, Minnesota.

1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make $5, $10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS to show you how to do this. Tester you build with parts I send helps you service sets. All equipment is yours to keep.

2. GOOD PAY JOB

Your next step is a good job installing and servicing Radio-Television sets or becoming boss of your own Radio-Television sales and service shop or getting a good job in a Broadcasting Station. Today there are over 81,000,000 home and auto Radios. 2700 Broadcasting Stations are on the air. Aviation and Police Radios, Micro-Wave Relay, Two-Way Radio are all expanding fields making more and better opportunities for servicing and communication technicians and FCC licensed operators.

3. BRIGHT FUTURE

And think of the opportunities in Television! In 1949 almost 3,000,000 Television sets were sold. By 1954 authorities estimate 20,000,000 Television sets will be in use. 100 Television Stations are now operating, with experts predicting 1,000. Now is the time to get in line for success and a bright future in America's fast growing industry. Be a Radio-Television Technician.

I Will Train You at Home

You Practice Servicing or Communications with MANY RADIO KITS

Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIANS. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. Get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE—build valuable multimeter for conducting tests; also practice servicing Radios or operating transmitters—experiment with circuits common to Radio and Television. You keep all equipment. Many students make $5, $10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time. SPECIAL BOOKLETS start teaching you the day you enroll.

Send Now For 2 Books FREE—Mail Coupon

Act Now! Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon entitles you to actual lesson on Servicing; shows how you learn Radio-Television at home. You'll also receive my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." You'll read what my graduates are doing, earning; see photos of equipment you practice with at home. Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. **1CK1**, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. **Our 37th Year.**

Have Your Own Business

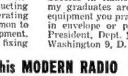
Many N.R.I. trained men start their own Radio-Television sales and service business without capital. Let me show you how you, too, can be your own boss, have a good income from your own shop.

You Build This MODERN RADIO

As part of my Servicing Course, you build this complete, powerful Radio Receiver that brings in local and distant stations. N.R.I. gives you ALL the Radio parts . . . speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, sockets, loop antenna, etc.

You Build This TRANSMITTER

As part of my Communications Course, I SEND YOU parts to build this low-power broadcasting transmitter. You learn how to put a station "on the air," perform procedures demanded of Broadcast Station operators, make many practical tests.



Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 1CK1
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book about How to Win Success in Radio-Television. Both FREE. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name_____ Age_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

☐ Check if Veteran — Approved Under G. I. Bill

Published In The Interest of Parents . . . Present and Future Air Rifle Owners . . . The Public

SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!

BOYS! SHOW THIS MESSAGE TO YOUR PARENTS!

You'll never see a real outdoorsman aim or shoot his rifle at anything but a safe, proper target . . . he handles his firearms with care and respect. Your Daisy is made for fun shooting. It is not a lethal weapon but . . . like a knife, or auto it may cause damage if handled carelessly. So do not aim or shoot at windows, street lights, song-birds, pets, property or any other person . . . ever! Remember, carelessness causes accidents to millions of Americans every year in cars, homes, factories. So . . . if you are careless with your Daisy or abuse the privilege of owning one . . . . . your parents, guardian or police have the right to take it from you . . and should! Don't let this happen. Be careful. Aim and shoot safe, Buddy!

SAFETY TIPS

BICYCLE SAFELY...

Careless bicycling may cause accidents! Always ride single file Never "hitch on" to car or truck Follow all traffic signs rules Avoid ruts Ride close to right edge of road Use hand signals for turns, stops

ROLLER SKATE SAFELY...

Avoid roller skating accidents by being careful Always skate on sidewalk Come to stop at curbs Cross streets at corners only Do not "hitch" on to bicyclists Cross small cracks at right angles

DRIVE SAFELY...

An average of more than ONE MILLION children, women, men are injured every year in traffic accidents! Think that over, Buddy! Decide now that when you are old enough to get your driver's license—and after you get it—you will remember and follow these safety driving rules you learned

CROSS STREETS SAFELY...

Always stop at curb, look right and left to see if street is clear Cross streets only at corners. Obey signal lights Remember, an auto moves faster than you can run. And don't run walk!

AND SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!

MEMORIZE THE SHOOTER'S SAFETY PLEDGE!

I pledge myself to PROTECT animals, property and people in my community by always aiming and shooting my Daisy safely!

No. 311
DAISY BB GUN 'N' SCOPE TARGET OUTFIT, Complete
Contains RED RYDER CARBINE; 2-POWER MAGNIFYING SCOPE SIGHT MOUNTED; BELL RINGING METAL TARGET; TARGET CARDS; GENEROUS SUPPLY BULLS EYE SHOT; SHOOTING MANUAL & SCOPE DOPE. No. 311, complete outfit in gigantic carton, only $7.50.

ONLY $7.50

No. 325
2-WAY TARGET OUTFIT with Convertible PUMP GUN
Shoots Steel BBs or SAFE, new Jumbo Cork Balls. Set contains: PUMP GUN with extra CORK BALL BARREL; 2-POWER MAGNIFYING SCOPE MOUNTED; BELL RINGING TARGET, CARDS, 350 BULLS EYE BBs; 10 JUMBO 50 CALIBRE CORK BALLS; 5 KNOCK-DOWN INDOOR TARGETS; GUN & SCOPE MANUAL. No. 325—$9.95.

ONLY $9.95

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EXTRA!

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I enclose unused 3c stamp to help cover mailing—handling cost. Rush me complete details on how to be a champion shooter and win medals.

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Announcing NEW DAISY GIANT POUCH OF BULLS EYE BB SHOT...THE BEST SHOT TO USE IN

DAISY AIR RIFLES

176 BBs 5¢

Prices Subject to Change without Notice and Higher Slightly West of Canada

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